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MEMOIR OF MRS. WARD.

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2 November 1893.

Anal-p.39

MEMOIR

OF

Lord Hayes

MRS. HETTA L. WARD,

WITH

SELECTIONS FROM HER WRITINGS.

By James W. Ward.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY T. R. MARVIN.
1843.

. 1893

From the Library of
Prof. A. P. PEABODY 82

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By T. R. Marvin,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

This little volume is printed *exclusively* for private circulation among the friends of the deceased.

MEMOIR.

THE second Sabbath after the decease of Mrs. Ward, her husband preached to his congregation a sermon, in which he attempted to portray some of the prominent traits of her character. A general desire for its publication having been expressed by those who heard it, he was requested to furnish a copy for the press. In conversation with those who made this request it was suggested that a brief sketch of her early life to precede the sermon, and some extracts from her writings to follow it, would probably constitute a more acceptable publication, and that suggestion having been approved, it has accordingly been followed. A letter was addressed to her mother with the request that she would commit to paper her recollections of the early life of her daughter. This she has done in a letter addressed to Mr.

Ward. Extracts from Mrs. Ward's writings and letters might easily have been multiplied so as to swell this volume to many times its present size, but it was not thought advisable to do it. The work is prepared and printed not for the public, but for mourning relatives and sympathizing friends, as a slight memorial of a dearly beloved one who in the early summer of life has faded from the earth, but whose memory all who knew her, and those most, who knew her best, delight to cherish.

LETTER FROM HER MOTHER TO MR. WARD.

South Berwick, Feb. 14, 1843.

Amidst the daily duties and cares of my family, I find it almost impossible to concentrate my thoughts so as to gratify your wishes by giving you that minute account which I know you desire to possess of the early character of our beloved Hetta. Such facts, however, as occur to my mind I will endeavor to give you.

Hetta Lord Hayes was born April 10, 1815. She evinced, from early childhood, a sweet, docile disposition, capable of receiving any impression. She was ardent and affectionate, her heart overflowing with love and tenderness to

her parents, brothers and sisters, and it might be said, to all created things. She was always obedient, and never known to act contrary to the wishes of her parents. She was taught to read when she was about four years of age, and she became immediately interested in such books as were placed in her hands. This to me was a most delightful period of her life. Whether engaged at my needle, or attending other domestic duties, she was ever by my side, and her cheerful prattle and numberless questions interested and surprized me. She soon acquired a fondness for poetry and such works of imagination as might be perused without injury. Hetta never took pleasure in the sports and recreations of children. Not that she did not sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows. This she did in a remarkable degree, and was ever ready to communicate happiness whenever it was in her power to do it, but her pleasures were of a different kind. Her mind, from childhood, was interested in religious truth. I cannot recollect the time when she did not seem to love and reverence her Heavenly Father. At this early period she sought to be made acquainted with the doctrines of the Bible, and would listen with fixed attention whenever those subjects were discussed. Her

maternal grand-mother, to whom she was ever strongly attached, took great delight in observing this indication of early piety, and would converse with her not only with a view to her instruction, but to observe the ever varying expression of her intelligent countenance. She would say that she could compare Hetta's face to nothing but a dark lantern. When her mind is uninterested, her face is like the lantern obscured; but when excited, intelligence beams from her eyes, and her face shines like the lantern when it sheds around its unobstructed rays.

Hetta was a true lover of nature. Nothing afforded her such exquisite pleasure as a ramble through the woods with her eldest brother, whose taste was like her own, in admiring all that was beautiful and curious. Together they would cull the wild flowers, search for the minerals, and return delighted, loaded with their treasures. Her fondness for flowers continued through life, and led her to study them scientifically. It could not but be observed that this dear child loved God in *all* his works. The picteresque scenery about her own home ever gave her the utmost pleasure. But nothing in nature kindled in her heart such sublime enthusiasm as the autumnal sunset scene as

viewed from our house. No one that on such an occasion witnessed her strong emotions and the glow of delight that irradiated her countenance, could fail to sympathize with her, and find his own feelings purified and exalted. So attached did she become to the natural objects which she had been accustomed to see in her childhood, that she wept at the removal of some old oaks, as though some dear friend had been torn from her. This tenderness extended to all animals. Even the smallest insect she would save from pain if it was in her power, and would walk carefully round an ant mound rather than destroy it. This feeling was not that sickening sentimentality which is so frequently observed, but was owing to the deep tenderness of her heart, as she felt that

> "The poor beetle that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
> As when a giant dies."

Her love of the beautiful was manifested in works of art. She early displayed a fondness for drawing, and for various kinds of ornamental work, and if she had possessed the time, would have excelled in those accomplishments. But being the oldest daughter of a large family, we thought that her time had better be devoted to

those pursuits which would prepare her for greater usefulness. Her feelings were so ardent, and her imagination so vivid, that her father and myself were desirous that her mind should be disciplined by a course of mathematical studies. Even Cowper, Milton, Shakspeare, and other favorite books had to be laid aside for severer studies. This was a trial to her and she remonstrated. But I urged upon her the necessity of such a course, and advised her not to bestow her time upon any thing that was not immediately connected with the plan that had been marked out for her, and that would best qualify her for future usefulness. I remarked to her that I had suffered through life for the want of this mental discipline, and that if she loved her mother, she would comply with her wishes. In this she showed that unhesitating obedience, and sweet, yielding spirit, which, while under my care, so strongly marked her character. I was always unwilling that her pride should be encouraged by a reference to mere literary distinction, but that her aim should be to qualify herself to act the part of a sensible, practical, useful Christian. In these views I was greatly assisted by the kindness of her aunt, Mrs. A—— L——, of Portsmouth, N. H., a lady of rare intellectual cultivation, and pos-

sessing great religious excellence. She invited Hetta to make her a visit, during which she attended an excellent school in that place, and at the age of twelve, engaged in a course of mathematical studies, which, with others, were calculated to bring forth the energy of her mind, and proved a sedative to her imagination. She was carefully watched over by this respected and beloved friend, until sickness, occasioned by over excitement in preparing for an examination, obliged us to remove her home. After her health was restored, she attended the academy in her native place, where she had a most favorable opportunity of prosecuting her studies under superior teachers, who labored not only for her intellectual but moral advancement, and by whom she was justly appreciated for the docility, readiness and ardor with which she sought to improve by their instructions. She became as much interested in the study of the exact sciences as in works of the imagination, making herself acquainted with the higher branches of Mathematics, Algebra, Geometry, &c.

In 1830, after much prayerful consideration, she, with a number of young ladies her schoolmates, made a public profession of religion; in which profession she walked carefully and de-

votedly, until, as we trust, she was taken to join " the general assembly in heaven."

At the age of sixteen, she attended Miss Grant's Seminary at Ipswich, Mass., and was there distinguished for the superiority of her attainments. After that period her time was employed in attention to domestic duties, and in such a course of reading and study as would qualify her for the station she was about to enter upon as a minister's wife. How she discharged the duties of her station, you, my dear son, who were the partner of her joys and sorrows, and the beloved ones who knew her most in that situation, can best testify.

I am aware that much of a mother's partiality and fondness may be mingled with this brief sketch. It has not been in my power to give, and I know you could not expect, a very particular detail of facts, as I have nothing to assist me but my own recollection. But if what I have written will be of assistance in bringing forward any thing that you did not before know, the object of my writing will be accomplished.

But I cannot close my letter without dwelling still longer upon a subject so dear to us both. Hetta was to me not only a beloved child, but ever a dear companion and friend. You knew the perfect confidence that existed between us,

and how much my happiness was interwoven with hers. You can then conceive what must have been the anxiety and suspense I endured when I was last on my way to your house. I feared, as I came near, that I should see something in the external appearance of things that would tell me all was over; and I experienced the most sensible relief when I met you and you told me she was more comfortable. I entered her chamber, and oh, how beautiful, how calm, how self-possessed she appeared. Never to my latest moment shall I forget the expression of her intelligent countenance. "Dear mother," she said, "I fear that I have given you trouble to cause you so soon to come again to see me, but I thought you would wish to be with me." I assured her that nothing could give me more happiness than to be with her, and that I would do all that I could for her comfort. She seemed very grateful and happy. After asking her some questions with regard to her disease, I kneeled down by her side and inquired respecting the exercises of her mind. "I have given all up," she said, "and am in a waiting state for life or death. My physician assures me that unless there is a change, I cannot live many days." I told her that she appeared better than I expected to see her, and I could not but hope

she would recover. She replied, "Do not flatter yourself too much. God will do right. I love to dwell upon his attributes. I rejoice in his sovereignty." In reply to some question, she said, "I have not those joyful feelings that some express; but pray for me that my faith in Christ may be strengthened." In the course of conversation at that time, when speaking of our family, she remarked, "we have been favored with health and prosperity a long time. You must expect a change. And if it please God that I should be the first that is taken, I am willing, if my death can be the means of greater good in the family than that of any other of the members." She expressed the strongest desire that *all* the family might be benefitted by her death, and that every heart might be led to God. But I cannot go on to describe the disappointment of our hopes and the last distressing scene. I must forbear.

Remember me to those dear friends that so kindly endeavored to administer relief to my beloved child, and mingled their tears with ours. May the God of mercy sustain them when laid on their beds of languishing and death.

When I reflect upon your loss; that your cherished friend, the being that softened all your cares by her devoted affection—the mother

of those dear children, and one so well qualified to guide and instruct them, has been taken from you, my heart sickens at the thought, and I am disposed to ask, Why is it so? But I desire to be enabled to wipe away the tears, to hush every murmuring thought, to be still, and to say, "even though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Ever your friend and affectionate mother,

SUSAN HAYES.

The following portraiture of Mrs. Ward's character is the substance of the first sermon which, after her decease, her husband preached to his people.

Love is the grand fountain of pure and permanent felicity. No one can fasten his love upon a worthy object and not at the same time experience some of the sweetest joys of life. And if we have found a friend of distinguished excellence, and for years rejoiced with that friend in the mutual interchange of social sentiments and warm affections, it is natural, when death intervenes and separates us from the dear object of our love, to contemplate the virtues and worth of "the loved and lost," and seek

some alleviation of our bitter grief in rehearsing them to our sympathizing acquaintances. And the contemplation of excellence is always adapted to improve the character. We feel much more strongly urged to the attainment of a worthy and exalted character when we see such an one manifested in the life of a fellow being, than when the various virtues which compose that character are abstractly presented before us. It may not therefore be amiss for me to follow, at this time, the dictates of my own feelings, and occupy your attention for a few moments with a faint view of the character of one who was justly dear to me, but whom God has, in his holy providence, recently snatched away from my side, and laid among the dead. I wish not to eulogize her. Praise was never an object of her seeking, and when it was expressed in her hearing, she has been known to say, that "she felt pained to find how much more highly, as she thought, her friends esteemed her than she deserved." In what I may say I shall not pretend to be wholly exempt from every thing like partiality for a beloved wife, but it will be my object to confine my statements to well known facts, and to speak only of such elements of character as have been observed and mentioned by others as well as myself. The

First characteristic which I would notice and which she possessed in an eminent degree is, an ardent love of truth. On the love of truth all progress in knowledge, at least all *rapid* and *extensive* progress mainly depends. When it is accompanied with clear and strong powers of mind, it generally issues in the formation of a high intellectual character. It was truth, as such, that she loved. She cared little from what source it came, or through what medium it was obtained, if it was only truth she rested and feasted on it.

She possessed great powers of abstraction, so that when reading or thinking she was wholly absorbed, and no noise around her would withdraw or distract her attention. It was often necessary to speak to her more than once before her mind could be recalled from its theme of meditation. When studying a subject she could never rest satisfied with uncertain and shadowy views of it. She pursued it till she understood it, and till her conceptions of it became clear and distinct.

Her mind was mathematical and logical. After she was about twelve years of age, she always manifested a strong predilection for the severer branches of study. She saw with great clearness the point of an argument, and was

quick to distinguish between sophistry and logical reasoning.

She loved to trace the workings of the human mind and examine and classify the powers and operations of that curious machine. Those young ladies in this place whom, of her own accord, she invited to attend on her instructions in intellectual philosophy, will bear witness that she had obtained uncommonly clear views of the operations of the human mind, and that she possessed a very happy faculty of communicating her views to others.

She had a strong passion for natural history, and found great delight in reading works on geology, mineralogy, botany, and other kindred branches of study. Such reading was rather an amusement than effort, and she was accustomed to distinguish by their scientific names and marks the objects of nature that came under her daily observation. The principles of chemistry were not only familiar to her mind, but she made a constant practical application of them in her domestic operations.

She read with avidity the news of the day, and felt a deep interest in the movements of associated bodies, whether political, literary, humane, or religious. She watched these movements with open eyes, and loved to follow

out, in her own mind, their probable consequences on the welfare of human society.

But her favorite study was theology. From early childhood she seemed to find her highest pleasure in reading and conversing about the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. Every new idea she obtained on these important doctrines, appeared to afford her peculiar delight. She read the works of such writers as Butler, Bellamy, and Edwards, with all the excited interest that some feel in reading a novel. And her conceptions of the character and government of God became unusually large and luminous. No one could converse with her on the cardinal doctrines of religion, or even hear her remarks and prayers in the female weekly religious meetings, without receiving the impression that she was familiar, to an extent very uncommon for one of her years, with the great system of the divine administration. And she gained all this knowledge because to investigate truth was her delight. It was more to her than her necessary food. She always found higher pleasure in nurturing the mind than the body. And hence her mind became too strong for the frail tenement it inhabited, and at last wore it out.

2. Another of her characteristics was a keen perception and ardent love of beauty. Our

Creator has endowed us with capacities for appreciating and enjoying whatever is beautiful and lovely. He has scattered objects of beauty in exhaustless profusion around us, and spread a covering of beauty over all his works. He might have made a world without flowers to adorn it; or changing, mingled colors to variegate and beautify it. But he intended we should find pleasure in beholding the beauties of his works. And, if we may trust to the scriptural descriptions of the heavenly world, he intends that this pleasure shall there be carried to its utmost height. Now she was quick to perceive and enjoy the beauties of nature. When a child, such was her love of flowers, that as soon as the snows began to fade from the ground in the spring, she would begin her rambles through the fields and woods in search of violets and anemones. She delighted to tend and cultivate flowers, though the cares of a growing family forbade her bestowing much time or attention upon them. Still wherever she saw them, they afforded her an exquisite pleasure. She beheld in them the skill and goodness of the Divine hand.

Her taste was observable also in her dress, which, though not expensive or showy, was always arranged with neatness and elegance.

It was ever with her a matter of principle, to conform in dress to what she deemed becoming for the wife of a clergyman.

Her perception and love of beauty were apparent in the whole arrangement of her house and table. Though every thing in the house—the materials which she had to work with—were far from extravagant and even plain and simple, yet she knew how to give an air to all her domestic arrangements, and with the merest trifles would make beauty spring up as by enchantment around her.

She was withal a natural painter, and could she have had leisure to cultivate her talents for drawing, would have become a superior artist. She did not, in painting, usually copy from others, but she formed original designs, and sketched with her pencil the striking and beautiful conceptions of her own mind.

Her perception and love of beauty were apparent in her reading. She observed and appreciated the elegant passages to be found in the authors she perused, whether the elegance pertained to the thought or expression. She was passionately fond of poetry, and marked her favorite passages, and read them again and again with increasing pleasure.

But beauty of character was her chief delight,

and wherever she saw a lovely, consistent, harmonious character, it attracted her warmest admiration. She seemed to be thus fitted to find her highest happiness only in the presence and society of the beautiful and good. And we hope she has now gone where her eyes will gaze unceasingly on unconceived and ineffable beauty, and where she will enjoy forever all the loveliness of object and character that heaven can yield.

3. Another element of her character was habitual cheerfulness of temper. Her cheerfulness might have been in part the result of her love of beauty. She saw whatever was lovely in nature and in man, and rejoiced in what she saw. It was in part owing also to her disposition to look at every thing rather on its sunny than cloudy side. Her life had been one of constant prosperity and peace and joy, and the future seemed as bright as the present and the past. She used, indeed, sometimes to say, that "she enjoyed so much and so uninterrupted happiness that she did not know but she had reason to fear that she was wanting in one of the marks of the child of God, for 'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'" At other times she would say that "she feared there were troubles

in store for her, and that they would all come together." She feared because she was so uniformly happy, though this fear did not disturb the calm cheerfulness of her mind. She feared, but her fear was unfounded. God saw fit, in his wisdom, to favor her with a happy life, and then receive her, as we hope, to a still more happy eternity.

The great secret, however, of her cheerful temper is to be found in her perfect confidence in the excellence of the divine plans and the rectitude of the divine providence. She was cheerful and happy because she saw all things ordered by a wisdom that never errs, and guided by a power strong enough to accomplish every purpose of infinite love. And the peace and joy thus diffused through her heart shone brilliantly on her countenance. They lighted up her face with radiant smiles, and made her the dispenser of cheerful happiness to all around her.

4. Another of her characteristics was simple, open-hearted frankness. There was nothing like deception in the composition of her character. The law of truth was always on her lips. Speaking once of the habit into which children sometimes fall of telling lies, she remarked that "she could not conceive why it

should be so, as she could not remember of ever telling but one lie in her childhood, and that, though never discovered, cost her so much anguish that she felt no disposition to tell another." She did not employ one form of speech to a person's face, and another behind his back. She used no compliments for the sake of pleasing, but uttered fully and freely her feelings as they arose. Her countenance was a perfect index of her soul. There was no smile for a neighbor or acquaintance on her cheek unless it was reflected from her heart. Her face was, indeed, sometimes said, by her friends, to be a real tell-tale, as it expressed so distinctly what was passing in her mind. She entertained no feelings which she was not ready to acknowledge, or opinions which she would not frankly avow. And if sentiments or feelings which were at variance from her own, were expressed in her presence by others, she was always prepared to signify her dissent, and to present her reasons for differing from those with whom she was conversing. It might be thought that such a course would at times beget opposition or appear forward and unbecoming; but she was so evidently actuated by a love for truth and for the diffusion of truth, that no one was ever known to take offence. It was plain that she

proposed and defended her opinions and sentiments, not because she regarded them as her own, but because she viewed them to be essential truth. This open frankness, this childlike simplicity, gave a peculiar charm to her character, and attracted the love and confidence of all her friends and acquaintance.

5. Another of her characteristics was strong feelings of benevolence towards all the creatures of God. This was the first peculiar element of her *Christian* character. Her heart was full of kindness and love to every living thing. She cherished the strongest attachment to her relatives and friends. And her love was not a fruitless feeling. It prompted her to a constant course of effort to please those she loved, and promote their good. In the various relations of life which she sustained, she manifested her love by acts of kindness and duty towards all those whom she could in any way comfort or aid.

As a daughter, she was affectionate and obedient. It has been a frequent remark of her father that "she never did any thing, during her continuance in his family, to call for reproof or correction from him. She never did any thing to leave on his mind an unpleasant recollection." And with her mother, she from

a child associated more as a companion than daughter. The grand-mother, mother and daughter were all friends, and though composed of three generations, yet they seemed to feel and converse together as equals. Mrs. Ward has often said that from early childhood she found it a rich treat to sit with her grand-mother and mother and converse on religious subjects; and that she derived far more real pleasure from their society than from that of her equals in age. She was extremely cautious of injuring the feelings of her parents, and was ever consulting their wishes and welfare.

As a sister she was kind and obliging. She was *ever* ready to make personal sacrifices herself, and forego her own pleasure, in order to gratify her brothers or sisters. She was anxious for their good, and, as an *elder* sister, did all in her power, by instruction and advice, to improve their character and increase their usefulness in the world. She was willing to bear any sufferings herself if her sufferings could only benefit them. About a week before her decease, when speaking of them, she said, "there are twelve of us children, and it was scarcely to be expected that we should all have been spared so long. In the common course of providence it is probable that some of us will soon die. Some

one must die *first*, and I have been thinking that perhaps it would be better that it should be myself than any other of our number, and if I am called away, I hope my death may be the means of their spiritual good." She spoke with uncommon feeling of her eldest brother with whom she had more especially associated in her childhood, and for whom she had always cherished the tenderest love, and she expressed the strongest desires that her death might exert a favorable influence on his character. And of a younger brother who had spent the past year in our family, and received instruction and advice from her lips, she said, "I have endeavored to be faithful to him, and, if I am taken away, I cannot but hope my death may be the means of his conversion." Not only during her last illness, but in fact through her whole life, she manifested the deepest interest in the welfare of all her brothers and sisters. She sympathized with them in all their joys and sorrows, and her prayers continually ascended to the mercy seat in their behalf.

As a wife she was tender, affectionate and confiding. Her face always beamed upon me with a smile of love. She was ever ready to labor and toil for my comfort. She thought no sacrifices too great, no exertions of hers too

severe, if she might thereby lighten my load of care. I doubt not she would readily have given up even her own life for my welfare. She felt any efforts which she might make for my comfort to be amply repaid by a word or smile of approbation and love. She encouraged me in all my efforts of usefulness. She cheered and comforted me in all my cares and trials and labors, and my "heart safely trusted in her." She was all that a wife could be,—too rich a blessing to be long continued. She has gone, and left me to mourn alone.

"So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Sweet smiling solace of an hour,
So soon our transient comforts fly
And pleasures only bloom to die."

As a mother she was watchful, sympathizing and kind. She had her eye open to observe, and her hand open to supply the bodily wants of her children. She cherished towards them the tenderest love. She made it a prime object to cultivate their affections,—to secure their love, and render them obliging and affectionate to each other. She emphatically governed them by the law of love. If they were inclined to disobey her, she put to them the question, "don't you love your mother?" and this was enough to soften and subdue them. She en-

deavored to improve their intellectual and moral character. Words of instruction were continually dropping from her lips. And the truths she aimed to communicate were always dressed in a garb so attractive that all her children would, at any time, prefer rather to sit around her and hear her instructions, than engage in any sports or pastime. She taught them the great principles of Christianity in simple language and with apt illustrations, and thus impressed on their young and ductile minds those truths that make wise unto salvation. And she fully believed, and she acted on the belief, that, "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

As a member of this church and connected with this parish she was deeply solicitous for your good. The constant growth of her family prevented her from being much abroad, but she often expressed the desire that she could go out more and mingle more with the inhabitants of the place. She felt a special interest in the welfare of the young ladies and of the children here, and was ever ready to exert herself for their good. The instructions and admonitions she has given them will, I presume, never be forgotten. As an indication of the interest she

felt in the welfare of this church and society, I can state the fact that the inquiry has often fallen from her lips, "Is there not something more than we are now doing that we can do for the good of this people?" Her attachment to her friends and acquaintances here was exceedingly strong, and whenever any thing has been said to her, by persons from abroad, in respect to leaving this place, the substance of her reply has been, "I love the people of Abington, I find I love them more and more the longer I live with them, and I do not feel, while they wish us to remain, as if I could consent to leave them. I am contented and happy there, and am perfectly willing to live and die there." And she has had her wish. She has lived among you, and her remains now sleep in your tomb. And oh, may her solicitude and prayers for your welfare secure for you the choicest blessings that Heaven can bestow.

But her sympathy and love were not confined to this place. She had a heart large enough to take in her country and the world of mankind. She felt for all the children of want and wo wherever on the face of the earth they might be found. She was warmly interested in all the benevolent and philanthropic societies of the day. Her heart was alive to every project for

alleviating human misery, or spreading among the ignorant and perishing the light and blessings of the gospel of peace. Her benevolent regards were as broad as the wants of the creatures of God. She never wished ill to any living being. She never had an enemy. She loved every body and every living thing, and sought to diffuse happiness as wide as her influence extended. Her life was thus a practical illustration of the great law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

6. But her crowning virtue was calm, unwavering confidence in God—in his character and government. This—viz: strong faith in God—was the second peculiar element of her Christian character. She never experienced those high joys or deep depressions which characterize some professors of religion. Her religion was calm and peaceful. No time can be definitely specified when she could say that she first exercised love to God. From a child she seemed to find pleasure in contemplating God and his doings, his character and law. From a child she apparently preferred religious conversation and religious society to all other. From a child she appeared to manifest a subdued and chastened spirit. Her religious character however became more marked and confirmed

when she was about fourteen years of age, and about a year afterwards she made a public profession of her faith in Christ. By reading and meditation, she obtained very lucid and expanded views of the attributes, especially the justice of God, and found great satisfaction in the thought that he reigned and would reign and govern and guide all her affairs, and all the affairs of the universe, so as to secure the highest possible good. She felt herself to be a great sinner, saw the necessity and beauty of the plan of atonement by Jesus Christ, and could say,

> "Other refuge have I none,
> Hangs my helpless soul on Thee,
> Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
> Still support and comfort me."

But her prevailing religious sentiment was that of reverence for the character of God, and calm, confident reliance on his wisdom, power and love. She felt that He would do all things right. "I don't know," she said, at one time during her last sickness, and when she deemed herself near her end, "I don't know as I am a child of God. The heart is deceitful, and I may be deceived and think myself a Christian when I am not; but then," she added, "if God

should cast me off, I think I should still wish to adore and praise him. It would be all right." When asked if she did not wish to recover, she replied, "I have some desire to live, but still I would not for worlds wish the result to be different from what God may see best to ordain." Her children were mentioned, and the inquiry was made, "Do you not feel anxious on their account?" and her answer was, "No; I have consecrated them to God, and I fully believe he will take care of them and bring them into his fold." Her faith in the covenant promises of God in respect to her children, may be seen in a short and simple piece of poetry, which she composed some years ago when her first child was a babe and she was hushing it to sleep on her bosom. It is entitled, "a Lullaby to William," and expresses, with sweet simplicity, her confidence in the promise of God to believers, to be a God to them and their seed after them. It reads thus:

"Hush, dearest love, and take thy rest,
Let me not hear thy plaintive cry,
Repose upon thy mother's breast,
'T is she that sings thy lullaby.

Hush, sweetest boy, why shouldst thou weep?
I'm sure thou hast no cause to sigh,
For here there is a fountain deep
Of love for thee,—so lullaby.

Be quiet, child, and then my prayer
Shall rise for thee to God on high;
Full well He knows the mother's care,
And He 'll protect thee. Lullaby.

He 'll thee protect, for thou art given
To Him who did for sinners die;
Sure He will keep and raise to heaven
What is His own,—so lullaby.

'I'll be a God to thee and thine,'
Was said by Him who cannot lie;
I'll trust the promise so divine
From our kind Father. Lullaby.

And Thou, whose words are hope and joy,
Bidding foreboding fears to fly,
Oh, give me grace to guide my boy
To Thee and heaven. Babe! lullaby."

With the same unshaken confidence she intrusted her friends and her own soul to the hands of a faithful Creator. She felt that no injustice would be done them or her by God—that whatever he might ordain would be just and righteous altogether—and she could rejoice that he would reign and do all things well.

I have drawn but a faint outline of her character. Still enough has been said to show that she possessed uncommon excellencies of mind and heart, and shone as a bright planet in the sphere in which she moved. "She was gifted and whole-souled." She was lovely and beloved

on earth, her Christian virtues shed a grace and beauty over all her actions, and we fondly hoped she would be spared to adorn her station and do good in the world. But God had other designs. He saw she was more needed in another portion of his kingdom, and he therefore took her out of the world. But we cherish the belief that

> "In a brighter, purer sphere,
> Beyond the sunless tomb,
> The virtues that have charmed us here,
> In fadeless life shall bloom."

She has left a sweet memorial behind her. Her epitaph is written on the hearts of all who knew her; and if we cherish that love to man and faith in God, which we cannot but believe she cherished, we shall soon behold her in heaven—the final home of the pure and good, where pious friends all meet to part no more forever.

REMINISCENCES OF MRS. WARD, FROM THE PEN OF ONE OF HER SCHOOL-MATES.

The earliest recollections of this dear friend of my school days, are of the most pleasing character. Long will be remembered her sweet deportment towards the members of the seminary during the summer of 1832. It was ever her delight to assist those whose advantages had been limited, to speak an encouraging word to the diffident, and to win the stranger's heart by the voice of kindness. Here was the secret of that weight of influence she continually exerted over the minds of others. What tender and pleasing associations are connected with that institution of learning. How many young ladies can bear testimony to the many interesting conversations and pleasant debates which were held there.

In one of these interviews, the *character of God* was the theme—a theme which Miss Hayes's enlarged mind ever delighted to contemplate—and as she proceeded to descant on the divine attributes, each one of us felt more than ever the infinite purity of His nature and the fearful consequences of sin.

At another time *pride* was the topic of con-

versation. I recollect some one of us remarked, that in our opinion some pride was absolutely necessary. She took the negative. With that ardor and skill in reasoning, peculiar to herself, she proved conclusively that pride, in any form and in the least degree, is positively sinful; that we ought to have sufficient self-respect surely, but we ought to strive to be as free from pride as those swift-winged messengers of spotless purity, who ever wait to obey the high mandates of the Eternal.

Miss Hayes had great reverence for the Sabbath. She used to say, "We should do nothing on the Sabbath which might have been done on Saturday or might be deferred till Monday." Her example, in making all preparations for holy time on Saturday, had great influence on her school-mates, and we trust it will ever be followed by those who knew and loved her.

"Any thing that is worth doing at all is worth doing well." How many a careless girl has learnt the art of pains-taking, from hearing this maxim oft repeated by Miss Hayes.

O

EXTRACTS FROM HER WRITINGS.

EXTRACTS.

ON EARLY DEATH.

Written at the age of 13. May 23, 1828.

How often is it the case that those who seem most fit to live, are chosen to die;—that the fairest, loveliest flowers are culled, those which promised to be bright lights to the world and ornaments to society. For such we mourn. But should we grieve that they thus early have found their rest?—that they thus early have burst the chains which bound them to the earth, and so soon have left the cares, perplexities and troubles incident to the career of mortals?—that they have passed the only bar which separated them from their God? Ought we not rather to rejoice that they so soon have found eternal rest? But even if we think it a mysterious providence, we must recollect that our Heavenly Father hath promised to overrule all things for good to those who love him. We shall not see

again on earth the one we loved, but if we are sure that the bud so fresh, so fair, will bloom above "in far surpassing loveliness," why should we grieve? It may have left *us*, but it has found a company of saints and angels, of redeemed spirits. It has left the comparatively trifling occupations of this life, which but for a while can give pleasure, to spend an eternity of bliss in singing "loud anthems of praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb." What a glorious change for such happy spirits to leave this world of wickedness and wo, and enter upon and participate in heavenly happiness,—"to throw off this mortal and put on immortality." It can be nothing but selfishness which would make us wish to detain them in this vale of tears—which would confine them still longer in their prison house of clay.

The death of such may be a mercy not only to them, but to ourselves. Such events should lead us to examine our own hearts, to see if we are prepared to follow them to the grave. We know not, nor can we ever tell who the next victim of death may be, for this great destroyer can, in one instant, dispel the joyous smile of childhood, destroy the gaities of youth, or lay "the hoary head low in the dust." Since then we must die, should we not be prepared to meet

death? Let us so live that when the dreaded hour arrives, it may be to us a joyful one, so that death may be divested of its sting, the grave of its victory.

THE IMPORTANCE OF COMBINING RELIGIOUS WITH INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

Feb. 18, 1829.

THE word education, taken in its widest sense, comprehends the expansion and development of the intellect, the regulation of the feelings, and the establishment of fixed moral and religious principle. And all education that does not comprehend these, we consider to be faulty, because the great end of culture, all must allow, is, to fit us for usefulness in life. Yet we are justified in saying that comparatively few consider this; and, if we could look at the hidden, though powerful motives which impel those on who are climbing the rugged paths of science, we should probably find that few of these multitudes are actuated by Christian principle. Or, if we will but look into our own hearts, (and we can best judge of others by ourselves,) we shall probably find that our apparently best actions proceed oftener from pride and a desire of personal aggrandizement,

than from the more holy principles, love to God and love to man.

Yet we are perfectly conscious that we are accountable beings, and that it is not for self alone we should live and act. We know also that we have influence, which influence is increased by education, and must be exerted in augmenting the amount either of happiness or misery upon earth. And we affirm that by a union of moral and intellectual education, we are best enabled to increase the enjoyment of our fellow creatures as well as our own.

Religious education is the establishment of fixed moral and religious principles. It teaches us self denial, not that we may obtain the praise of man but of God. It forbids vice, not because evil is the consequence, but because it offends the law of Jehovah. It forbids us to glory in our own good works, but commands us to give God the glory, for through him we do all things. It commands us to admire the works of nature, not merely on account of their beauty or sublimity, but because they are the works of a benevolent Being, and display his goodness, power, and wisdom. It requires us to be kind to our fellow men, not that they may repay our kindness, but because they are God's creatures, and he consults their happiness.

Intellectual education is the cultivation of the mind, including the reason, judgment, imagination and taste. Those who aim at a merely intellectual education, strive to find a reason for all things, yet ascend not to the First Great Cause. They admire the works of nature, and love to trace out the uses of things; but ask not, "Whose wisdom fitted them for these uses?" From a contemplation of the beautiful order of nature, they turn to themselves and admire their reason, which enables them to discover that order. They consider it perfect, and placing it above all other things, fall down and worship it. In this frame of mind they turn to the Scriptures, but there they find mysteries—much that soars far above their really feeble comprehension,—and, angry that aught is too high for them, they cast the Bible to the ground and trample it under their feet.

The great difference between a merely intellectual and religious education is, that, whereas the former exalts us in our own estimation, the latter inculcates humility as the only foundation upon which the beautiful and well proportioned fabric of true piety can be erected. Yet, although a religious education thus teaches humility, it is more lofty, more noble in purpose, more truly exalted, than a mere intellectual one

which aims only to fit us for this life, for religion would also fit us for heaven. The follower of the one, makes the opinion of the world the mainspring of action, and labors and toils and strives for the applause of puny mortals. The follower of the other, gives up the world, cares not for its opinion while he is pursuing the straight and narrow path of duty. Heaven, the home of the just, is before him, upon that his eyes are fixed, and that is the prize he hopes to win.

Thus we have contemplated separately a religious and a merely intellectual education. The former is of itself amiable. The latter, though at first interesting, we cannot but condemn. It is like a ship, beautiful and grand in appearance as it sails swiftly over the sea, but as we gaze and admire, we also fear and tremble, for we know that the ship though so beautiful, is destitute of a pilot, and consequently must soon be dashed upon the rocks, its crew must perish, and its treasure be consigned to the deep.

From a religious education we know much happiness is derived, and we do not know of any misery. The person possessed of it loves God and man, and is happy in the exercise of his affections. He does not ask the meed of praise, and therefore is not disappointed though

he receives it not. His heart is set upon things above, rather than upon those below, so that, should some of his most sanguine expectations fail, he is not cast down. Do his friends become a prey to death? He expects to meet them again in heaven. Thus their removal from this world adds another to the joys of heaven, and brightens his hopes for eternity. He has faith in God, and it is this which enables him to acquiesce almost joyfully in the most mysterious dispensations of Providence. When he looks upon God's works, though science has not unveiled to his view their beauties and wonders, yet he sees enough to lead him to praise the great Creator. When he casts his eye at night upon the heavens, and beholds the beautiful luminaries spangling the firmament, though he may never have dreamed that those myriads of stars are suns to other worlds, yet he blesses God for their light and beauty.

The person whose intellect alone has been cultivated, aside from the pleasure of possessing knowledge, (which is undoubtedly great,) derives enjoyment from the exercise of the mind. He loves to trace out the relations in which things stand to each other, to discover cause and effect, and thus to open a new world upon his mind. If for instance he should turn his eye upon the

mighty mass of waters, rolling billow upon billow with irresistible force, his mind would be elevated by the view, though not to Him who alone can control the wind and waves, who hath set bounds to the ocean, and hath said, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." But his mind is so constituted, that sublime objects in nature fill his soul with indescribable emotions. He stretches his vision far as it can reach over the watery expanse, to where ocean seems mingling with air, and there sees the resplendent orb of day sinking in all its glory and brightness to rest, his thoughts fly to it, and from thence to other spheres and through the vast infinity of space. Lost in admiration of the order of each system, a plan so noble, so mysteriously wonderful, he breaks forth in adoration, of what? *Nature*, not nature's GOD.

Perhaps, while he is thus employed, we should be inclined to call him happy; though could we critically examine his feelings we should find that much was wanting in this tumult of the passions to real felicity. Let us add now to his intellectual character the fervor of true piety, and see whether he will not then enjoy this felicity. Let the fire of devotion be kindled in his breast, let it burn with a steady and constant, though bright and beautiful flame. All

in his character which was before unlovely will be consumed by the fire. The good of self will no longer be the leading principle of action. Now let those sublime scenes which before afforded him astonishment and delight, be presented to his view, and to those he before experienced will be added more holy pleasures. The transition is easy and delightful, from nature up to nature's God, and his soul is filled with sublime views of the great Creator. With the eye of faith he penetrates the mists and dark clouds intervening between this and the "better land;" and though few, very few, of its beauties are yet visible, still he knows enough to brighten his hopes and make him long for heaven. He knows it to be a land of pure delight, where flow the waters of everlasting life; where shines in unfading glory the Sun of Righteousness, and where the saints are like stars around the throne.

But the character of this person is now entirely changed. His views and feelings are no longer what they once were. Self was formerly predominant in his feelings, and nothing that tended to the good or aggrandizement of self was forgotten or left undone. Now what he first considers is the glory of God; next, the happiness of his fellow mortals. He was fol-

lowing hard after the ignis fatuus, fame. Now it seemed near, now at a distance from him. It always eluded his grasp, yet always promised fair; and he would have followed it on, with his eye fixed upon its delusive brilliancy, until it led him to destruction, had not the light of heaven burst suddenly upon his view and turned his attention to things well worthy the consideration of an immortal being.

Perhaps the worldly influence of an intellectual character would not be increased by piety, for the respect paid to intellect, by the world at large, is very great, whereas but little is paid to piety. This can be accounted for only on the ground of the natural enmity of men to holiness, together with our short-sightedness. We are apt to look only at the present time, and to be delighted with a showy exterior. It is therefore not strange that men of mere intellectual attainments should be men of influence. But though they have it in their power to do much good, they too often do only evil. We have heard of one, great in science and sublime in mind, whose name was sounded first among the learned and then re-echoed by the unlettered. The world united in pronouncing him truly great. Fortune's gifts were his also. But while Heaven was showering earthly blessings

upon him, Heaven was by him forgotten. His countrymen rejoiced over his literary fame, but there was never joy in heaven for his conversion. All the mighty influence which he had obtained, and which would have enabled him to do much good, he exerted in favor of sin. He condemned the Bible and bade men disbelieve, when belief is everlasting life and disbelief is endless death.

We shudder, when we reflect on the influence of such a character, but rejoice in the mild light which is shed abroad by the person who mingles piety with mental grandeur. And when we reflect upon the importance of influence being good, and consider that it always is either decidedly good or bad, let us try to discover what is the character of the little we possess; and in order that it may be good, let us endeavor so to combine in our education pure religion and knowledge, that they can never be separated.

THE PROSPECT FROM BUTLER'S HILL.

May 20, 1829.

I DELIGHT, sometimes, to wander over hill and dale, and revel in the beauties of nature;

"to steal awhile from study and care," and allow my mind to unbend, and, freed from restraint, to run as it will; to give the reins to my imagination and let it soar as high as it may. And I do not believe that this indulgence is productive of any evil consequences. The mind needs relaxation as well as the body, and will not bear to be always confined within narrow bounds. The little bird will die if always kept close prisoner in its cage. But let it sometimes, unconfined, wing its way to the clear blue sky, and it will return refreshed and invigorated, and, grateful for the privilege, will sing you a bright and happy song—a meet reward for your kindness.

And viewing the fair and beautiful scenes of nature, cannot produce wrong feelings in the mind, for all is God's work, and the mind will naturally ascend from the created to the Creator.

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In an opposite direction, just at the foot of the hill, I see that which excites reflection of greater solemnity. There is

"The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb."

Those lie there who shall never more arise till the sound of the trump at the resurrection morn. And it is a solemn thought that all must soon

go to people the graveyard. Youth affords no protection, for I have seen the flush of health quit the youthful cheek and the pale haggard look succeed. I have seen the gladsome smile fade from the lips, and those lips close forever. I have seen the fire and animation forsake eyes which once beamed joyously, and those eyes shut in death. But even death has no terrors to the Christian. He knows

> "That the flowers of hope and beauty do grow,
> 'Neath the grave's cold pyramid,"

and that, though his body be dead, his soul shall live in heaven and flourish there in immortal bloom.

THE NECESSITY OF EXERTING OURSELVES TO OBTAIN THE HAPPINESS WE WISH.

Feb. 16, 1830.

Every one is more or less addicted to building castles in the air, but their foundations are seldom laid upon dark clouds portending ill. They are most generally placed upon clouds gilded by the sun of promise, and colored with the rainbow's varied hues, and the edifice itself is of glittering gold, and sparkling with radiant

gems. We view these bright objects, though they be but phantoms of an hour, with admiration. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," and we hope—vainly hope—to inhabit the gay edifices our imaginations have created. How happy are we in all our youthful dreams.

> "It is the precious privilege of youth
> To paint all visions in the hues of truth."

And indeed it is a precious privilege. Who would willingly relinquish the joys of anticipation! But is it the privilege of youth alone?

> "And oh, alas, must our glad spirits sail
> Into the years when dreams of joy depart
> With each bright morning, like the nightingale?
> When hope is only for the *slumbering* hours,
> A thing on which the *waker* thinks and weeps?
> And pleasant fancy, like night-blooming flowers,
> Gives out a fragrance but while memory sleeps?"

Ah, if this will be true in its full extent, we may well wish to detain our youthful days. But I cannot think it is the case, that hope fades with the rose on the cheek. I trust that it will be a solace through all the journey of life.

Yet we have no surety that our dreams of joy will be realized. Indeed we know that life cannot be all poetry. It is now but the spring of our existence. We may look forward and

expect the winter of life. We may expect our joys to drop off one after another, as the leaves from the trees in autumn. But is it not a sweet thought, that there is One who, if we love him, will be with us in sadness and trouble. He can make "the desert blossom as the rose," and, if we spend the short year of our life in his service, he will receive us to his upper world to enjoy there an eternal spring of felicity.

We know not what may be our lot in life; but there are few of us, I presume, who do not sometimes wish to lift the veil that hides from us the picture of the future. We cannot do this, but I believe we can, in a great measure, direct the course of our future lives. We can make ourselves either happy or miserable, for time and eternity. The days of our youth are to fit us for the active scenes of this life, and this life is to fit us for an endless state of existence. How few are the days then upon which hang our immortal destinies! And shall we waste these days in *imagining* future enjoyment without making any *exertion* to attain it? Shall we be forever looking forward to *then* and forget the *now?*

We early learn to connect happiness with virtue, and misery with vice. In all our dreams I suppose there is not one of us who does not

imagine himself possessed of some excellence. We suppose that we shall go on increasing in goodness till we are worthy of the enjoyments we anticipate. Does the student expect to obtain some high honor in the literary world? He also expects so to improve his intellectual powers as to be deserving of that honor. Does the Christian hope to have placed upon his head the crown of glory? He knows that to gain it he must run the Christian race. But suppose that instead of pressing forward to the mark, he stops in the early part of his course, and sleeps and dreams of heaven, can he reasonably hope to reach the happy land? Or could the traveller, on his way to a distant city, hope ever to enter its gates if he should ascend some lofty eminence and spend the day in contemplating and admiring the place towards which he ought to be moving? It is just so with us. We must not spend our time in *wishing* for happiness and dreaming of it.

> "No man e'er found a happy life by chance,
> Or yawned it into being with a wish."

It does no good to sit by our firesides and imagine scenes of future bliss. We must rise up and *act*, cast dull sloth away, and *determine* to attain the highest pinnacle of happiness upon

which we have placed our eyes. We must lay it down as a fixed principle, that whatever is right to be done, if we *will* it, can be accomplished. Take for our maxim, "Perseverance conquers all things," and we shall do wonders. The mind is unlimited in its powers and operations, and shall *we* circumscribe what the *Creator* has left unbounded?

I believe there is often a mistake in the early education of children. A little child will often endeavor to accomplish something great for him; he labors hard, and his efforts are near being crowned with success, when some little accident frustrates all his hopes, and he sits down disappointed and chagrined. His parents, seeing his mortification and sorrow, strive to comfort him by saying that he has done well *so far*, that he aimed at doing something too great for him; that none of his companions could have accomplished what he attempted, and that he must be content to look lower. The effect of this will be, the child will be more likely to be discouraged again; he will gradually lose all confidence in his own powers, place his standard low, and acquire a habit of yielding to the most trifling difficulties.

We should early acquire *decision* of character and *fixedness* of purpose. Who would ever have

accomplished any thing, had he yielded to little difficulties or remained inactive, without making any exertion, and only dreamed of his wondrous works? We have a striking example of perseverance and enterprise in the life and character of the celebrated philanthropist, John Howard. When he embarked on his "voyage of discovery, his circumnavigation of charity," he determined to do good; to increase the amount of happiness and diminish the amount of misery upon earth. He visited the scenes of greatest distress and descended into the deepest dungeons. The danger of death did not frighten him from his purpose, and he succeeded in wonderfully mitigating the sorrows of the afflicted. The late Samuel J. Mills, in his younger days, made the remark to a friend, that "he could not be content to have his influence felt only in his own country." He was determined that it should be felt to the farthest corners of the habitable globe. It was felt, it will be felt, and thousands who are even now sitting in heathenish darkness shall rise up and call him blessed.

These were *men*. But it is equally necessary that *females* should acquire a determined fixedness of character, and *their* efforts shall be crowned with equal success. Mrs. Grahame

was but a woman. Still she accomplished much, for decision was a distinguishing trait in her character. In her youthful days, while in the midst of friends, she little thought of the trials she should be called to undergo; but it was early her aim to acquire that which would be a solace in every grief—a comfort in every wo—and she succeeded so well that I may venture to say, that in her days of *greatest affliction*, she enjoyed more true happiness than the votaries of the world can find in whole years spent in its search.

Solomon hath said, "The diligent hand maketh rich." By continued labor the miser may heap his golden chest. By continued labor he who strives for honors may pluck the highest branch from the laurel tree; and by continued labor the Christian may at last enter the gates of the heavenly paradise. If we can be what we choose, if by continued labor we can make our five talents ten, our tens, hundreds, and our hundreds, thousands, we must not waste time in castle building. Time is short. We must decide quickly what we will be. We must be content to labor, and toil, and strive, and then, most assuredly, we shall gain our object.

And what shall our object be? Shall it be admiration? Though our "sails are nicely

spread to catch the gale of praise," it will not waft us to a safe harbor. Shall we seek for happiness? Yes; let us seek for happiness. The Christian seeks for this, and he finds it is a flower that will bloom even on earth, though here it is not lasting. But *how* does he find it? By denying himself he obtains it. He loves God and his fellow creatures, and is happy in the exercise of his affections. He looks forth upon the beauties of the natural world, and oh with what rapture does he exclaim, "My Father made them all." He visits the house of mourning, and while *exerting* himself for the good of the sorrowing, and even when shedding the sympathetic tear, he feels ten thousand times the joy the selfish mortal knows, "who locks his joy and bars out other's woes." He looks forward too to the happiness of heaven. This little world could not contain all the bliss in reserve for him. Heaven, the home of the just, is before him, upon *that* his eyes are fastened; *there* all his joys and hopes are centered; *there* dwells the God whom he loves, and 'tis to dwell in glory there he labors.

THE ROSE.

I DELIGHT in flowers, and it gives me a pleasure I cannot well express to watch the opening of spring's first buds. I love to gaze upon the delicate tints of the early May-flower, the blue shading of the violet, or the spotless purity of the lily. And when I look at these lovely things, radiant with life and beauty, they seem so peaceful and so happy that at times I half imagine them endowed with a sense of enjoyment. But I prefer the rose to all other flowers, unless it be the lily. For its sweet and lasting perfume, the peculiar delicacy of its coloring, and the gracefulness of its form, it was always a favorite of mine. And I think I can discover in its every leaf, the wonderful power, wisdom and benevolence of the same Being who gilded the tiny feathers on the wing of the butterfly, and who created millions of suns to be centres of light and heat, round which numberless worlds, glorious as ours, revolve in perfect harmony. * * The rose is as perfect in all its parts as the solar system. These parts are as well adapted to each other, and, united, they form one as beautiful and harmonious whole. And there is one principle in the hum-

blest flower—the principle of life—which bestows upon the flower a dignity that the solar system does not possess.

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The bee hovers round the rose, breathes its perfume, beholds its loveliness and quits it not till he has extracted sweets; so we, ere we quit the flower, must draw one moral lesson. Let the young cease to exult in their beauty, remembering it is frail as the summer rose, "the wind passeth over it and it is gone," but let them cultivate those amaranthine flowers which will never fade on earth, and which, when transplanted to the paradise of God, will bloom forever in surpassing loveliness.

PRAISE DUE ONLY TO MORAL EXCELLENCE.

THERE seems naturally to exist in the human heart, a longing after immortality. * * But it is not merely posthumous fame that restless mortals so ardently desire. Contemporary renown is more generally preferred. * * The love of admiration is no less *universal* than mighty in its *effects*. True the world is not full of such men as Cæsar and Buonaparte,

Voltaire and Byron, but ambition flows in different channels. If we will but look carefully into our own characters, and examine particularly our own conduct, we shall find that a great part of our actions proceed from a love of display.

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We are commanded in the Scriptures to seek after the praise of God, rather than the praise of man, but yet it is perfectly right, and indeed it is undeniably our duty, to seek for the regard and good opinion of those whose characters are assimilated to the Deity. But if we would preserve our independence of character and moral rectitude, we must ever continue to be epicures in our taste, delighting to receive praise from the virtuous alone. * * *

I conceive all moral excellence to be derived from God. Every ray of virtue beaming through the darkness of this gloomy world, may be considered as emanating from the Sun of Righteousness. Those whose minds have been enubilated from sin and superstition by the influences of the Holy Spirit, may possess the power of reflecting this divine light, and be luminous stars in our world. Only such persons shed a holy influence around them. Consequently only such influence ought to be

approved. And as theirs is the light of heaven, the praising it, is, in fact, praising the Deity.

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The physical and intellectual powers of the fallen Archangel, are represented as being of the highest order. And of the truth of this representation we have daily proof in the almost unbounded influence he exerts in the world. But yet we would not praise *him*. And why should his servants here upon earth be treated differently, in this respect, from their master? Why, when it is generally allowed that their influence is opposed to every thing good, should their powers be extolled to the clouds?

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Let us suppose ourselves engaged with two authors possessed of equal intellectual powers, but the one a votary of the world, the other devoted to God. Let the former exert his talents for our pleasure, and he may lead our imagination from planet to planet, and from star to star, till wearied it can soar no higher. Then, with the air of a philosopher, he may proceed to explain to us all the wonderful phenomena of the starry worlds, till we are in admiration of his learning, as before of his imagination. Next he takes the empire of our hearts. Now he causes our countenances to beam with delight, anon

we start with horror, and, ere we are aware, sadness steals over us, and the tear is trickling down our cheeks. But all this time, as he is leading us captivated by his genius from one scene to another, he is leading us away from God. Not once has he directed our thoughts to the subject of piety. On the contrary he has been gradually infusing into our minds the poison of infidelity. So, in the summer evening, pleased we wander forth to gaze upon the moonbeams; but fevers are floating in the atmosphere, and we inhale the pestilential vapors with the sweet balmy air. Is it wise to commend the intellect that tempts us to love the draught which is deadly poison to our souls?

The other author, if he directs our attention to natural objects, allows us to dwell in admiration upon their loveliness and beauty, their grandeur and sublimity, but he allows us not to quit them until we have been directed to the Maker of this beautiful world, and until His wisdom and benevolence in the formation of every created thing, have been placed before us in the most striking light. He will cause our countenances to beam with delight, as he shows us the glorious plan of redemption, and tells us of the love of God in giving his Son for our ransom. We start with horror as he describes

to us the dreadful nature of that sin which requires this infinite sacrifice; and again smile happily as we read of Him who releases from the dominion of wickedness; and the tear of compassion trickles down our cheek, as our minds are directed to those who have never heard of Jesus. This author has consecrated all the powers of his mind to the service of his Redeemer, and now, he exerts the immense power he has obtained over our minds, in directing us in that road which leads to life, and thus striving to promote our eternal happiness. For what a noble end is this mighty power exerted? Shall we commend this power of intellect? No, let the moral excellence which directs in the management of it have all the praise.

Methinks this subject might teach us poor, weak, faltering, fainting creatures, humility. We have nothing of our own worthy of praise. There is nothing in the universe deserving of praise save moral excellence, and that all is derived from God. "To Him then be all the glory."

ECONOMY.
1831.

* * Economy does not by any means imply intellectual or moral inferiority. If an individual exists whose pericranium contains one solitary idea, and in whose heart not even a latent spark of philanthropy can be detected, he can act the part of the miser or the prodigal, as well as one more liberally endowed with heaven's gifts. But what qualifications are requisite for the perfect economist? In order to discover, we must recur to our definition of his principle. Economy is the appropriation of each and every individual thing to its proper use. Therefore the economist must first learn the proper use of each thing which comes within his circle, and then, precisely the manner of appropriating it. Those things which come under the direction of any person are almost *infinitely various*. It is therefore evident that, in order to have an exact understanding of the nature, uses, and tendencies of each, he must possess a thorough knowledge of all the laws which govern the natural, moral and intellectual world. And all this unbounded knowledge will be of no avail, unless his is a never erring judgment to direct in its application. Nor is even this sufficient.

As every thing is designed to promote general happiness, he must be perfectly benevolent. When we sum up these requisites (and not one of them can be dispensed with), we find them to amount to nothing short of omniscience and holiness, attributes that belong only to the Deity.

In truth, God is the only perfect economist, and, as far as philosophers have been able to examine his works and explore the mighty plan of the universe, they have been delighted and astonished with the unparalleled order and beautiful economy pervading the whole. Nothing has been created without its use, and all things remain true to the ends for which they were created, save where sin has disordered the divine arrangement and marred its primitive loveliness.

In the vast creation a small sphere has been assigned *us* in which to act; and something which we are permitted to call, for a little while, our own, has been granted to each one of us, for the improvement and disposition of which we must be finally accountable. In our little sphere let us not disdain to practice the virtue of economy; but "as much as lieth in us," (for we are ignorant and sinful,) follow the example of the great Upholder and Builder of the Universe.

* * *

"TO KNOW, NOT THINGS OBSCURE AND SUBTLE, BUT THOSE IN DAILY LIFE, IS THE PRIME WISDOM."

January 19, 1832.

* * * * * * *

He who has thought to cull the blooming buds of happiness in the rugged paths of knowledge, who has sought wisdom among the stars and in the depths of the sea, who has explored the animal, vegetable and mineral kingdoms, examined the various links which connect each with each, and all with the vast universe of God; who has dived into the mysteries of the mind and sought out the hidden workings of the heart, adding knowledge to knowledge, till the half cannot be told, will, notwithstanding his vast attainments, be still unsatisfied. Were he capable of unravelling the mazes of the past, and could he trace with perfect accuracy and truth, the history of mankind from the creation to the present moment, all that he knew would, in his eyes, seem contemptible in comparison with what he knew not. "Ah," he would exclaim, "what avails it that I know the past, when an impenetrable vail hides from my inquiring eyes the secrets of the future?" Had he the power of looking abroad over the wide world, and beholding, at the same moment, the conduct of every earthly being, examining into

their most secrets thoughts, and reading the intents and purposes of their hearts, "Alas," would he say, "it is nothing that I can perceive the actions of puny *men*, when the conduct of the inhabitants of celestial spheres is to me unknown. What though the thoughts of men are plain before me? Of the purposes of Jehovah I know nothing, neither can I divine the rapturous emotions of the happy spirits who tune their golden lyres around His all glorious throne." Such is the human disposition, and thus it is that individuals whom Providence has kindly allowed to taste the Pierian spring, pleased with the clear waters, strive for deeper draughts, and spend the short time allotted for their existence, and intended to be applied to practical purposes, in reaching after things too high for them. * * * * *

A DEWDROP.

June 1, 1832.

THE finest morning last May enticed me forth to breathe her mild air and rejoice in her budding beauty. As I was wandering with delight over those spots where Spring's first footsteps had evidently preceded mine, I per-

ceived, directly in my path, a violet peeping out from among its green foliage. And it would not long have blossomed on its stem, had I not observed a sparkling dewdrop "in its blue cup trembling." And as I have a kind of sympathy for inanimate things that makes me unwilling to destroy the brief glory even of a dewdrop, I did not disturb the flower, but passed on, reflecting upon what I had seen.

And what had I seen? Why, a dewdrop. Can a dewdrop afford a subject for reflection? Yes, for hard study and serious reflection; for the history and phenomena of dew, involves principles of chemistry and natural philosophy, that it would require more than the longest life to discover, or discovered, thoroughly to investigate.

A dewdrop is a mere drop of water. Water was formerly deemed an elementary substance. The world existed many ages before chemistry discovered, not by magic, but by hard study and laborious experiment, that it was composed of hydrogen and oxygen.

A dewdrop is round. Why does it always assume that form? Why never cubical, conical or irregularly shaped? Philosophy in reply to the question, offers this theory. Every drop of the fluid is composed of innumerable spheres

too minute to be discerned by the aid of any microscope. These little particles, owing to their peculiar form, must attract each other equally from every point; of course the drop would be spherical. This same theory accounts for the trembling of the dewdrop. The little globules can touch each other in one point only, therefore the liquid yields to the slightest pressure, whether it be a pressure of air, as is the case in this instance, or of a denser substance. It is curious to observe that the same principle which causes a bead of dew to tremble upon the petal of a blossom, also causes the foaming and raging of the mighty ocean.

Why does the tremulous dewdrop glitter in the sun, displaying so many brilliant colors? The answer to this question involves most wonderful and interesting facts with regard to light, and light unillumined by philosophy, would be but darkness to our mental vision. Sir Isaac Newton, who is justly styled the father of natural philosophy, discovered that a colorless ray of light is composed of an assemblage of various colors which may be divided and exhibited by a prism. Now the minute, translucid drop resting upon the corolla of the violet, acts the part of a perfect prism, and, while one ray of the sun falls upon it, the seven glowing

colors of the rainbow will be beautifully radiated.

So much for the single dewdrop. But whence came it, and whence come all those gems that sparkle like diamonds in the morn, and shine like pearls in the evening? As dew falls only during the absence of the sun, ancient poets imagined that it fell from the stars, and, fallen, mocked the stars. But the phenomenon of dew is now accounted for on reasonable and philosophical principles. The atmosphere always contains moisture which was evaporated at first, and is kept in a state of solution by means of its caloric. After sunset the earth cools by a rapid radiation of its heat. The warm atmosphere comes in contact with the cold earth, and, losing part of its solvent power, is rendered incapable of retaining all its moisture, and hence a part is deposited upon the earth.

When the weather is extremely warm, more dew is observed to fall. The reason is this. The more caloric the earth receives during the day, the more it will necessarily radiate, and, consequently, the more rapidly will its temperature be reduced in the evening in comparison with that of the atmosphere. The same holds in warm climates.

Dew is not observed on all bodies in the same

proportion. A great deal is deposited upon vegetables, little or none upon rocks, sand, or living animals. This fact is accounted for in the following manner. The body upon which the dew falls must, as was explained above, be cooler than the atmosphere. Some bodies are what is termed better conductors of caloric than others, that is, they heat and cool more rapidly. Such bodies, after sunset, will soon cool; while those that are bad conductors will retain nearly the same temperature that they had previously acquired. Vegetables are better conductors of caloric than rocks or sand, therefore upon them the dew descends most copiously. It does not descend upon living animals as upon plants, because of their vital heat, which is greater than the heat of the atmosphere.

While glancing at these principles it would be well for us to notice what a beautiful illustration they afford of the Supreme wisdom and benevolence. Take for instance the time and manner of the dew's falling. In warm climates and during warm weather the greatest quantity of dew is required. And God has provided that in such climates and during such weather the greatest quantity shall descend. Again, his wise economy is manifest in causing it to fall upon vegetables, to which it is so highly bene-

ficial, while upon rocks and sand, to which it would be useless, and upon living animals, to whom it would be decidedly injurious, it is not deposited.

It would be pleasant to trace out in broad creation those principles that acting here cause the phenomena of dew, for we should find that wherever they were seen, whether exerting their influence upon particles or upon large masses of matter, they never failed to bear evidence to the goodness and intelligence of Jehovah. But one instance must suffice. We noticed previously, as exhibited in the dewdrop, the divisibility of the rays of light producing color. And what benevolence does this arrangement manifest! We might probably have *existed* in a gloomy world, where all was colorless matter, with nothing but mere light and shade to relieve the eye. But our Heavenly Father did not place us in such a world. On the contrary, with what an endless variety of rich and delicate hues has the pencil of nature painted the wide extended landscape!

Dew, being so bright and beautiful in its appearance, has often been introduced into poetry, and has suggested to the poet's creative imagination many fanciful ideas. It has been

a favorite type of things in their nature evanescent; as

> "Our young loves and hopes, like morning dew-drops
> Sparkling in the sun, have gone forever."

Another poet would have us draw from it a moral lesson.

> "The dew came down unseen, at eventide,
> To teach to man unostentatious charity."

The Bible also, which contains not only the best of sentiments, but likewise the best of poetry, makes frequent use of it as a figure. "O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? Thy goodness is as the morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." Moses, in allusion to the beneficial influence of dew, says, "My speech shall distill as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass, because I will publish the name of the Lord." Would that the conversation of all might for the same reason, be justly compared with the dew. God, in allusion to the same genial influence of dew upon vegetables, says of his beloved people, "I will be as dew unto Israel, and he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon."

It is said in the Scriptures that the children

of God shall be "like the drops of the morning for multitude," and they may be compared to these little drops in some other respects. Like these they are destined to remain upon earth but a very little while; like these they should exert a genial influence while they remain and in their departure; like these they are very small in comparison with that great Sun whose light they reflect; and like these too they should so reflect that light, that it may seem most lovely to the eye of every beholder.

LETTERS.

IPSWICH, June 25, 1831.

* * * * Dearest Grandmother, how well I can remember the pleasure I used to take when I was a very little girl in the tiny chair at your feet, while you, kind as you always were, was endeavoring to amuse and at the same time to instruct me. I remember the happy faculty you had of repeating to me stories from that best of books, the Bible, and conveying, at the same time, its glorious truths and holy precepts to my heart. I think very often what an ungrateful, wayward child I have been

to do no better than I have done, and be the means of conferring no more happiness than I have conferred upon my friends. Timothy, who was blest with the instructions and prayers of his mother Eunice and grand-mother Lois, was a very different youth from your grand-daughter, who must answer for the improvement she has made of like privileges. * * * Your letter afforded me a great deal of pleasure, but I should have liked it better had it contained more advice. When abroad, I want "line upon line," when at home, "precept upon precept." Be assured I shall never tire of it and I will endeavor to improve upon it. The accounts you gave me of the state of religion in S. B., were extremely interesting. I did hope that the interest there would increase until all had been brought in, especially all the men of influence. * * * At any rate I would desire to be thankful to God for the good work he has already wrought there in so many souls, and at the same time to pray more fervently for those who remain. But when praying for my friends I find that I am extremely selfish. I wish that I could feel more earnest desires for the glory of God, and less anxiety for my own and their happiness.

From a letter written to her mother after hearing that her grand-mother would probably live but a few days.

IPSWICH, Aug. 10, 1831.

* * * I know not whether I am writing of one who is languishing upon a bed of sickness and suffering intense anguish of body, or of one who has escaped from her prison of clay, and, leaving the troubles of this world, has gone to heaven to meet those of her friends who went before her, and to enjoy the society of holy angels and the immediate presence of God and the blessed Jesus. However grandmother may be situated with regard to these things, wherever she is, I thank God that I have reason to believe that she is *happy*—much happier than any of her sorrowing relatives. Her hope has long been placed upon the Rock of Ages, and now, when the hour of trial has come, the united powers of earth and hell cannot shake it. Dear mother, how delightful is her state of mind. Let us not be so selfish as to mourn, but let us rejoice in her happiness.

Dear mother, do not let this dispensation of Providence cast you down. You will not, I know, for, considering it as a dispensation of Providence, you *cannot*. I know well that you

must greatly suffer, for she has been to you also like a sister. She has been your comforter and adviser through all your life, as you have been mine, and what could I do were you to be taken from me? There is but one thing which I could do in such a case, and that is all that you can do. Trust in God, who is omniscient, omnipotent, and benevolent. He *knows* all our wants, has *power* to satisfy them all, and above all, the *disposition*. He can sustain to us every endearing relation, and be even more than father or mother. * * * * We have great reason to rejoice that she is in full possession of her reason, and able to grant to us all her blessing. * * Farewell, dear mother, and that you may be *happy through all things*, always trusting in God, is the prayer of your most affectionate daughter.

SEPTEMBER 3, 1831.

* * * I rejoice that in the loss which you have sustained you have been enabled to discern so clearly the hand of God, and trust that whatever scenes of distress you may be called to pass through, your reliance upon God will still remain fixed and unshaken. Is it not delightful

to let our thoughts dwell upon the immutability of Jehovah; to reflect that amidst all the changes of this moving planet, He is still the same; to feel that though all our *earthly* hopes and expectations may fail, all that are *really founded in Him* must remain

"Till faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love?"

Dear Brother:—

* * Last Sabbath evening we were on earth, grand-mother was in heaven, freed from sin and trouble, and enjoying intimate communion with God and with the holy angels. What a glorious Sabbath was that to her soul! Was it not indeed a rest? Dear ——, when we reflect upon the ineffable felicity which the saints enjoy around Jehovah's throne, tuning their harps to the praise of God and the Lamb forever, does it not seem that we are awfully selfish to wish to detain them in this wilderness world? Is it not a happy thing for one to die who has learnt the art of living to some good purpose? I hope, dear ——, that neither of us will be called to depart until *we* have acquired

a knowledge of that art. I pray to God that you may not let this providence pass by unimproved. You have seen now, and so have we all, an example of holy living and dying. May we conform ourselves to the one, so that we may not be dissimilar in the other. I trust that you will treasure up those words that she spoke to you while yet alive. You remember, as you sat by her bedside, your hand clasped in hers, the words which at that time fell upon your ear from her pious lips, "Read your Bible daily, pray to God daily." Do not these words now seem to you like a voice coming from near the throne and saying "My son, give my thy heart?"

IPSWICH, Sept. 13, 1831.

MY DEAR MOTHER:—

* * I am sorry that my delay in writing caused you so much trouble. I wish I could have it to say that I had never given you one single moment's anxiety or pain in my life. I wish that I had never caused you one single heartache, but had ever been the same good, grateful, dutiful, obedient daughter that I ought to have been. But so I have not. May Heaven

grant me strength to discharge my duties to my God, my parents, the world, and to myself, far better than I have heretofore, for in every thing, as far as I see, I have come far short. From examination it seems to be a plain fact that I have not done my whole duty to myself, nor to any one individual in existence. I always *knew* this fact, for many years I have given my assent to it, but I believe that I never felt it as I have of late. I never felt, as I lately have, the absolute necessity of making a mighty exertion to accelerate my onward motion. I am striving now to bring *every motive* in force to press me onward in the right way. Since I hoped to have entered upon that course, I have made so *few* advances that I must now make extraordinary efforts to redeem lost time. I have had some most sad fears lately, dear mother, with regard to myself. I am afraid that I shall never be good for any thing in the world. I am afraid that I have not energy, decision, and firmness of purpose, sufficient to prevent me from being one of those *so so* beings whose company may readily be dispensed with for the sake of their room. Now I really do want to do good in the world, and to live to some purpose, and I do hope that by means of heavenly assistance I shall be able. I have not

much confidence in myself, none in my good resolutions, but there is One who can assist me.

* * * * * * *

My Dear Brother:—

* * I pity poor girls that are brotherless. They know not how much happiness exists in the world which they cannot enjoy. They cannot fully understand and appreciate the meaning of the expressions, active sympathy, disinterested attachment, unchanging love. They cannot know what it is to have always, from the commencement of being, a friend who can laugh with them, and at them if need be, talk, read and walk with them, take their part, defend them, assist them, doing that for them that they cannot do for themselves, going miles off into the woods and over the hills to gather flowers and evergreen, to decorate the room for the evening party, and, better still, returning from the locked up classics and scientific research, with fadeless flowers for the intellectual parlor. They do not know what it is to have one who can see and understand and feel justly with regard to their characters, and speak his mind without exciting a doubt as to

his motives and honesty. They may have sisters, it is true, but between sisters having the same objects of pursuit and engaged in the same way, there are often existing petty jealousies and collisions of interest that are liable to destroy the good effect of open expression of sentiment. But if a brother praises us, we feel as if we deserve it, for a brother can have no motive to flatter. He may be blinded by partiality, but partiality is itself a most delightful compliment. And if a brother scolds a little, why reason tells us that he can have no motive to find fault but our good, and so, though we may resent it a little at first, we are obliged at last to confess to ourselves that we are guilty of the fault, and to promise mentally that we will improve. * *

1833.

* * It seems, by your last, that you have been examining your character, thinking of your prospects of success, and forming plans and schemes for future life, and with some anxiety, you say. Yes, I should think you would now feel very differently from what you ever have done. I have thought a great deal of you lately, and believe I can imagine pretty

well some of your cogitations; for with all your lately acquired self-knowledge, I know the general characteristics of your mind and heart *almost* as well as you do yourself. I can now seem to see you engaged intently in studying out a difficult and interesting case. You labor with all your might. Your feelings become engaged. You see the law clearly. Then the thought strikes your mind, "How would I act should a case like that occur in my practice?" Your intellect is excited. You already feel eloquent. High thoughts arise in your mind. You have a full conception of what it is to be a man. Difficulties do not vanish, but you think of the delight of overcoming them, of the nobleness of triumphing over obstacles, foreign, and in your own character, all rivalry, opposition. The lofty purpose rises from your heart. The blood rushes to your cheek. Your eye flashes. The determined "I will" is upon your lips as your closed hand strikes the table. After a good resolution has been made, a calmness, a self-satisfied serenity usually succeeds. So with you, and the pleasing feeling in your mind suggests a pleasing idea. Another and another follows. In imagination you are not so much a great as a happy man. You are very happy now. You commence humming a tune.

Your glad feeling increases. Your humming becomes singing. You start from your seat with an intention to suit the action to the word, and your great folio, which was just supported on the edge of the table by your hand, falls to the floor. The sudden loud noise arrests your attention. You stop short. The merry sound dies on your lip. You look grave, pass your fingers through your hair, strike your hand on your forehead, take up your book, seat yourself, and are soon intent again. See, I have traced your progress through a reverie. You talk of building mud hovels. I don't believe a word of it. You see what I imagined for you was a regular built castle. I let you first engage in the nobler part of the superstructure, till you gazed upon the lofty columns, the high arches, and all the fine proportions of the grand edifice, with something very like admiration. Then I let you plant the flowers in your gardens, furnish and adorn your parlor, and your music room would have been all completed if the unlucky book had not fallen. There was no mud-walled hovel at all, (unless indeed you did build one while you were scratching your head and pounding your forehead, and that was time enough, for it never did take so long to build a cabin as a castle.) And if I were you, my dear

——, I never would build another hovel as long as I lived, for I know you was never born to dwell in one. I expect better things of you. In truth, ——, you have as good materials for building a fine edifice as any man I know of. Your superstructure would be sufficiently elegant, and if you could only be persuaded to build on "the sure corner stone," "the only foundation," I should have no fears for you. But I must confess I cannot bear to have my dearest —— entering upon the responsibilities and duties of an active life, with fine talents, an excellent education and popular manners, all calculated to extend his influence, and no established religious character. Vital piety *alone* can give your other numerous desirable qualifications their true value. * * * *

My Dear Brother:—

* * It is good when we enter on a new year to look back and observe our improvement or delinquency, to examine both our intellectual and moral character. What new ideas have we gained? What clear views have we had of subjects concerning which we knew little or nothing before? What good habits of

thought and study have we acquired? What faults have we overcome? How have we benefited our associates? And how have we been enabled to elevate our standard of moral excellence?

Few persons enter upon a new year without making sage reflections upon the days gone by, and many good resolutions for the time to come. But too often the impression made by these reflections is quickly worn off, and even the good resolutions are so soon forgotten that they exert no *permanent* influence upon the character. The reason of this perhaps may be, that persons, when they reflect upon past errors, do not look back far enough; they think of their faults, but do not think sufficiently of what led them *first* to make a false step. And when they make resolutions for the future, they do not begin immediately to act. There is more, I believe, in reviewing the past and noticing the circumstances that led us to commit a fault, than we are generally apt to imagine; as we learn by this means to avoid temptation. And if we know that we are too weak to *contend*, is it cowardly to fly from moral danger? But if it is impossible for us to escape temptation, we must contend with it, and contend manfully, not yielding in the least, for if we yield *at all*, we

shall soon lose our ground *entirely*, but in every new *victory* we shall acquire new *strength*. * *

My Dear E.:—

I am extremely obliged to you for the kind note that I received from you the other day. * * We have all of us been sick with colds ever since you went away. * * When M. and C. were here we entertained them with (that most melodious of unwritten music) our coughing. I hope you did not make yourself sick when at S. B., but have returned with renewed health and strength to your studies. I want to know how you succeed at school this term, whether you still continue to be No. 1. You know that is the rank that young ladies, with your peculiar advantages, ought always to occupy. The world, generally, is very careless about improvement. We are all apt to examine very minutely the character, and employ our time in idle speculation upon the conduct of others, while we forget ourselves. People are very selfish about minor things, while they are extremely disinterested about that which most intimately concerns them. They strive to secure to themselves all the pleasure, the show

and the attention that they can; but they are quite apt to relax their endeavors in securing to themselves intrinsic, sterling worth. It is a good plan, while securing an education, to have definite views of what we wish to accomplish—of the character we wish to make for ourselves. Consider your physical, intellectual, and moral character separately.

In pursuing your physical education, consider your *health* and *strength*. Both these are necessary to usefulness and enjoyment. And both these, by care and attention, may, in early life, be wonderfully improved. Then your bodily habits—those that affect so materially the appearance of young ladies, are, in pursuing your physical education, all to be attended to.

As it regards your intellectual education, I would recommend, in the first place, that you study well your intellectual philosophy. Learn from that, as well as you can, the nature of the various powers of the mind. Then look carefully into your own mind, and see how each power exists there. Examine separately your powers of attention, of abstraction, of memory, of reasoning, of imagination, &c. I repeat, examine each of them *separately;* find out which most needs cultivation; ascertain the best means of improving it, and proceed ac-

cordingly. But do not forget that you must be, all this time, collecting all the facts and all the general information that you can; and, in order to do this, you must be very observing. I am more and more convinced, dear E., that at our time of life, nothing can be more useful than habits of observation, and of reflection as connected with our observations. But especially we must make our observations upon individual characters—not to tell of them, (for that would cultivate a scandalizing disposition,) but to reflect upon when alone and to improve ourselves by.

The improvement of the moral character is the most important part of education. I wish I had time to scribble long here, but I have not time. It is good to reflect upon our duties to every individual of our acquaintance. We know what the cardinal virtues are. It is good to reflect upon these separately, and to see how far we possess them. We may, as many others do, attend to our duties to others and to ourselves, but let us not forget our duty to God. Without love to God, all physical and intellectual attainments are as nothings; with this, the value of all else we possess will be infinitely enhanced. Take care then that you possess it. By reading of the Scriptures, and by prayer,

take care that you do not let the best of all blessings slip from you.

My dear girl, when I commenced I intended to write only a few lines, but I have continued to write on, forgetting that it might not please you so much to read as me to write. Forgive me my long sermon. Your improvement is, you know, a most interesting subject, and when by accident I touched upon it, my pen would fly. Your sincere friend and cousin.

March 1, 1833.

* * *Friend*—why, it is the best, the dearest word in our language. Did you ever think of the many qualities it includes? the candor, confidence, patience, forbearance, and a thousand other things which I sum up in two words, sincere affection? After defining the sweet little word for myself, and making it mean just as much as it will mean, may I apply it to you? May I call you, "My dear good friend?" * *

Sept. 27, 1833.

* * You ask me if I ever look forward to the time when I shall appear in print as an

authoress. What a strange question for you to ask me! I have no such expectations. I should almost as soon think of wielding the sceptre of England, as of wielding the pen of an authoress. Once I used to imagine that I might some day write. But those dreams are all over now. I am engaged to a minister, and of course have no right to expect leisure to attend to literary pursuits, excepting now and then by way of recreation. If I aspired to be a literary character, it would be necessary for me to remain single always, or else I must be rich. However, though I do not expect to be learned or an authoress, I do not expect to be an ignoramus. * *

JAN. 16, 1834.

* * I wish it was the fashion to write letters with a lead pencil. I always fancy I can write much better with a pencil than in any other way. My ideas flow as freely again. And then there are no blots, and I should not ink my fingers. I never could bear to be a slave to a goose-quill, and if ever I am metamorphosed into an authoress, I'll make plumbago fashionable, so that members of the blue

sisterhood shall never more be recognized by inky thumbs and fingers.

MAY 13.

* * I saw in the newspaper of Saturday last, a notice of the death of Miss ——, and I don't know when I have heard any piece of news that has made me feel more sad. When we were all together here, our prospects of life were no better than hers. And yet we have been spared to enjoy life and each other's society; to improve our characters and be useful, while she is in eternity. When shall it be said of either of us, "He is dead," "She is dead?" * * How different would be our treatment of our friends and acquaintance if we should always see written on each of their foreheads—"I shall die soon"? We know it is as true that they must die soon as if it were thus engraved on their foreheads; but we, stupid, thoughtless creatures, seldom think of it. Imagine that whenever you saw a parishioner you saw those awful words plainly legible on his forehead, don't you think you should be very faithful? * *

Aug. 8, 1838.

* * I have been very much interested of late in reading Paul's Epistles. I am sure they contain enough of what we call sound Orthodoxy to establish its truth. How a person who reads them carefully and believes in their inspiration can place faith in Unitarian doctrines, is more than I can understand. Paul indeed wrote, as he preached, "nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified." The *atonement* is the *great doctrine*, and the presentation of no other can be equally effectual. It is a doctrine we ought to reflect much upon, because pride so inclines us to look at our good works, and persuades us to climb up to heaven by our own strength. I am convinced that there is no grace we need so much as humility. When this glorious doctrine has thoroughly taught us the sweet lesson of humility, it will cause our hearts to overflow with love for that Saviour who shed his blood for our redemption, and we shall catch a portion of his spirit of expansive and universal benevolence. I wish you would preach often upon the character and offices of Christ. Is it not him you were sent to preach? And will not such preaching be most useful? Dwell upon the surprising love of Christ until you

make sinners shudder at their own ingratitude, and excite Christians to more active zeal in their Master's service. * *

JULY 21, 1834.

* * Finely turned periods may please the ear; elegant metaphors may gratify the taste; lofty thoughts delight the imagination, and clear philosophical arguments convince the understanding; but it is the simple doctrine of the cross—the surpassing love of Christ, that reaches the heart and converts the soul. * *

MARCH 1, 1833.

* * When you are performing the sacred services of the sanctuary, my prayers are always with you; and they are, not that you may astonish by a wonderful display of sagacity and talent, but that you may do good to poor perishing souls, and that God would bless all your efforts to convert them. * *

FEB. 10, 1833.

* * The meetings which I told you, in my last, were anticipated, have past, and they ex-

ceeded, in interest, any thing I ever knew. The meetings were intended only for the church, and oh, how faithfully were we dealt with. We never knew such a season before. I am sure I never before despised and abhorred myself as I then did. How wicked, how impious for me to live as I have done and yet call myself a friend of God. Wednesday afternoon we renewed the covenant and partook of the sacrament, and then, I trust, I gave myself to God more unreservedly and entirely, than I ever have done before. When we profess that we are Christians, do we not profess that we have given up ourselves wholly and entirely to the service of God; and if there is any thing that we keep back, are we not, like Ananias and Sapphira, lying to the Holy Ghost? I do think that if we are not anxious above all things to discover the path of duty, and then determined to walk in it, cost us what it may, we have no right whatever to hope that we are Christians; and, however good our standing may be in the visible church, we are nothing better than self-deceivers and hypocrites. * * Do be faithful to Christians. The reform must commence with us. How can it be expected that unbelievers can be brought to attend to the subject of religion while they can look at pro-

fessors and say, "What do ye more than others?" Display before Christians a very high standard of excellence; fearlessly attack their commonest, every-day, darling sins. Do not suffer those who are set for the defence of the holy city to sleep on in the nonperformance of duty. Why, I should think that ministers would fear lest, when they urged upon the impenitent the duty of becoming Christians, they would ask, "And when I have joined your ranks, can I sleep at my post as I see other Christians do?" * *

ABINGTON, April 3, 1837.

* * C., dear, although there are other objects to which my heart clings with intense ardor of feeling, yet I love you dearly as ever. They know little of the nature of affection, who represent the human heart as having capacity to contain only just such a quantum of affection, which must be divided in just such proportions, and doled out among the dear ones with the greatest care for justice, since all that one receives over and above his share, must be subtracted from the portion of the others; and, if a new individual should come in as participant

in the golden treasure, all the first proprietors of the heart would be losers. What an abominable doctrine is this, and how calculated to produce selfishness and jealousy, and to stop the generous flow of the affections. This, like all other absurd theories of the mind, grew up, probably, from comparing things together between which no comparison could properly be instituted. Mind and matter cannot be compared, any better than color and sound. The more I love, the more I can love; and the more I know, the more I can know. If this were not true, heaven would be but a dull place. But our God is infinite in love and in knowledge, so spirits in heaven may go on loving and learning through all eternity. The seraph will never find the bottom of his heart, nor the cherub the termination of his acquirements. This is the bliss of heaven. * *

I do not wonder that you have been deeply interested [in theology], for, surely, to a reflecting, immortal being, no study can be so interesting as that which instructs us in the sublime truths of our holy religion. Alas! that the study of theology is so grossly neglected. In our schools, our youth are instructed in almost every thing else; while this study, which, considered merely in an intellectual point of view, I would

venture to say, is more profitable than any other, is passed entirely by. And even our churches are deplorably ignorant of divine truth. Few have clear, discriminating views of our system; could give reasonable grounds for their belief, or defend it against a wily opponent. On this account Orthodoxy has sadly suffered, and errors of every kind and name have prevailed. * *

Aug. 21, 1838.

* * You ask me if you understood me to say, that my views of duty had not changed since I was a little girl. They certainly have changed but *slightly*. For many years my principles and modes of feeling have been about the same. I think my views have enlarged, but they have hardly altered. I do not understand much about wavering and vacillating *principles*. A principle, seems to be something fixed. Every action must be squared according to the great law of love, and by examining an action by the law, we cannot help seeing its moral character. The difficulty is, C., we are too apt, when the question of duty arises, instead of carefully and candidly comparing the action with *the great law*, to be influenced by

prejudice, feeling, the opinions of others, or false notions of expediency. No, coz, the line between right and wrong is palpable and distinct. *God* has created no confusion here. And that *we* might be *entirely* without excuse, he not only has written the law upon *our hearts*, and given us reason and conscience, but we have also the law in *the Bible*, accompanied with the kind words, "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." * *

ABINGTON, Feb. 22, 1837.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

* * Speaking of opinions—I do think it very important that you should have well-grounded opinions of your own upon all subjects of popular interest. I wish my brothers to be of the *few* who give the tone to public sentiment, rather than of the multitude who are led hither and thither by the popular voice. The popular voice—What is it? Why, one-half of the party express an opinion because they suppose the other half to hold it. Many of the other half embrace and hold it, out of com-

plaisance to the first half. The leaders are guided by prejudice and self-interest, and few or none see clearly the reason of the thing. Verily, in this world, "the blind lead the blind." I prythee, good brother, let no man or body of men pull thee about by the nose, but upon every subject think for thyself. You will soon be twenty-one, and then, as a citizen of these United States, you will be one of our rulers. Every voter is a ruler, and therefore, should have a clear and thorough acquaintance with our system of government and all our political relations. The science of political economy too, he should well understand. Subjects of general interest and conversation, such as the Texian war, our relations with Mexico, slavery, free trade and the system of duties, banks, the paper and the gold currency, &c. &c., should be carefully revolved in your mind, and you should form opinions concerning them, laying aside every prejudice and self-interested view, and regarding only truth and the general good. Merchants cannot usually command a great deal of time for literary pursuits, but they can and must, in the course of their business, acquire habits of thought and an excellent judgment, which, if they apply to subjects of general interest, with a view to the general good rather

than individual profit, they will ever be respected as men of *enlarged minds*. Merchants too, are generally the patrons of literature and science. Like Roscoe, they may often see 'the tide of wealth flowing only in the channels of traffic, and divert from it invigorating rills to refresh the garden of literature.' My brother —— means to be a rich man, I suppose. Well, *be* rich, but don't, if you would have a capacious mind, or an unblemished moral sense, seek for riches as an *end*, but as a *means*. A man who regards money as an *end*, is a worshipper of mammon, and "no man can serve God and mammon." He has such an insatiable thirst for wealth, that he will do almost any thing to gratify it. True, he would not steal, or defraud in a bargain, if a sensible man, because, by so doing, he would, in the end, defeat his object. But he would traffic in the souls and bodies of men, that is, be a slave-dealer; or in deadly poison, that is, be a rum-seller; or he would cheat his country by smuggling, or profane God's holy day by attending to week-day business therein. I beseech you, dear brother, as you value a sister's love, your own eternal well-being, and your duty to your Maker, never seek money as an end. But seek money as a *means*—as a means of doing good, and

you will not then swerve from the right path. Feel that your Maker has given you excellent business talents, and that you are bound in duty to acquire wealth, and to spend that wealth in doing good; not to acquire a comfortable and respectable competence, but to acquire just as much property as you righteously can, and spend it in his service. The service he requires of you is, to do good to your fellow creatures. Feel that every individual of the human race is your neighbor, and that you are bound to love your neighbor as yourself. View the misery, the ignorance, and the sin, which cover with a black pall so large a portion of our brethren, and you will see at once what use God wishes rich men to make of their money. Oh what noble motives you have before you to stimulate you to acquire property and influence. You can be a philanthropist on the grandest scale. Be such, my brother. At once consecrate your talents, yourself, every thing you are and hope to be to the service of your God, and live for him. Look around upon the great family of man, and, no matter how low or degraded they may be, say, "They are my brethren," and live to ameliorate their condition, to make them good and happy. Scorn the

base, sordid, selfish views of the great portion of men of business, and be—A CHRISTIAN. * *

SOUTH BERWICK, June 25, 1833.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

* * Many beautiful articles of dress may be procured in P., but while you are there, I want you to try very hard to obtain the dress of "Humility," "the inward adorning of the mind, and the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." Be sure, my dearest ——, they are all worth possessing. The dress is fadeless and spotless; "the adorning" spoken of, is more beautiful than that of ribbons or roses, and "the ornament" is more valuable than fashionable agate or brilliant diamond; and then, if you once possess them, you need never lay them aside, for each day you will like them better and better, and they will continue to grow more beautiful and fashionable through the endless ages of eternity.

* * It is now being decided whether you are to be a gay flutterer, a mere butterfly, or a useful member of society. I want you to reflect what it is to be a gay flutterer, and what it is to be a useful member of society, and then

think which of these you are most likely to become. And I want you to think what you have done that you would like to remember a hundred years from now. And, ——, could you bear to think the same thoughts over again a hundred years hence, which this very day have occupied your mind. Reflect a great deal, my dear ——. Never act thoughtlessly. Remember that you are not a mere bird to fly about here and there, and to be admired for showy plumage, but that you are a *reasonable being*, and bound to cultivate your reasoning faculties to the extent of your ability; that you are not a mere insect to flutter and amuse yourself for a day, but that you are an immortal being, destined to enjoy an eternity of bliss or to suffer interminable wo.

Perhaps you may think, ——, that I am too serious with you, and that my letter is too grave to be entertaining. It may be so, but I do not think it right to trifle youth all away, seeking for nothing but entertainment. And you must learn to think it of very little consequence whether you are amused, provided you can be made better—provided you can be made to think upon a useful subject *seriously* for yourself. * * I want you to be happy as long as you live, and when you die, to be happy in another

world. The happiness that I spea
dependent upon circumstances, b
dwell in the heart, and if you will
Bible carefully you will learn how
* * *

Abington, Ja

My Dear Sister:—

* * How should you like
as we do, day after day in the same
find our only or principal amusement
and each other's society. Now we
well. We say it is truth as well as p

"If solid happiness we prize,
Within ourselves the jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam."

Do you believe this doctrine? The
really happy, is, I opine, to secure th
great price, and then to cultivate or
lectual, moral and religious characte
highest degree possible, and then one
exceedingly happy, and that too with
care or pains. Some people labor very
happiness. They are asking continuall
will show us any good?" They de
times to pleasure, invent amusements, a

all their labor and toil to be happy, they are still restless and discontented. I wonder what the difficulty is. You try and see if you can think. * *

April 1, 1836.

Dear Sister:—

* * Labor hard at school, and endeavor to secure a sound education. Remember that your time is very precious, and do not let parties, dress and beaux draw your attention from sober realities. Remember that life is short, and that now is your best time, I had almost said your only time, to secure a Christian and a useful character. Dear ——, do, I beseech you, beware of those youthful vanities that drown so many souls in perdition. Make it your first concern to consecrate yourself entirely to your Maker, and acknowledge him in all your ways. Oh how I should hate to see my beloved sister a proud, vain and trifling woman, living for herself and worldly enjoyment, and forgetful of the dear Saviour who died for her. N[illegible] wil[illegible] such consistency to your [illegible] your judg- —— and po[illegible] as religion,

and nothing can make you so truly lovely and entirely happy. That you may seek this priceless pearl, and obtain it too, is the sincere prayer of your most affectionate Sister.

Abington, May 15, 1839.

* * With regard to *your* affairs, my sweet ——, I suspect, from all that I can make out, that you are engaged, or what amounts to the same thing. Well, be it so, if the man you love is worthy of you and will make you happy. As old Mrs. C. says, "It is a great thing to have the offer of a man," but it is still greater to keep a man's affection and respect. If you are looking forward to matrimony, I hope you will make the period of your engagement a time of *sober* reflection. Study well the nature, weight and obligation of your future duties. Make it a point to become as well acquainted as possible with the character of your intended; study your own, and compare them. This will have an excellent effect upon your future character. You will see where opposite traits in each other may be made to operate to advantage, the one being an offset to the other; and where it will be necessary to guard against the development

and operation of an excess of the same quality in both. Sometimes two persons are married who are both somewhat inclined to extravagance. This trait was hardly noticed before marriage, as the individuals were not under those influences that would favor its development. But after marriage they cherish each other's infirmity. It increases and brings them to ruin. Had they, previous to marriage, mutually discovered this trait of character, they would, probably, have guarded against it, and thus saved themselves much misery. And I have seen two persons connected, both of whom were cursed with the opposite trait. They were rich, mean, and miserable. Whereas, had one of them possessed nobleness of soul, or had they both, in early life, seen each other's fault and striven to correct it, they would have made themselves incomparably happier and more respectable. It has been said that love is blind. Alas for the human family that it has too often been so. I trust that the little Cupid that attends upon your ladyship, keeps his peepers wide open. You know love includes complacency and benevolence. Of these, the latter element is by far the nobler. It seeks the best good of its object. And an improvement of character is certainly the *best* good. And, ——,

my love, you must find out all the little tastes of your intended, for the happiness of life depends upon little things. And learn to sympathize. 'Tis said marriage is a lottery, (it is false though,) may yours be a high prize. * *

Abington, April 8, 1840.

My Dear ——:—

It seems to be fated that I shall not write to you, however much I may wish it. I have appointed a great many hours to be devoted to you, but something has always occurred to prevent. This morning I commenced a letter to you and was getting on nicely with it, when I had occasion to leave the room for a penknife, and, returning, I found that my little Susy had mounted the table, upset the inkstand, and thoroughly blackened my sheet, together with her mischievous fingers, pretty face, and white tire. Such are the comforts of matrimony. To such sad accidents are the married exposed. Alas, for myself, alas, for thee, sweet ——. I have thought a great deal about you, my dear ——, if I have not written. You can hardly think how much I have to do. I am obliged to keep constantly employed, but my duties are

all pleasant, performed for those I love. . "Love sweetens every toil," and throws a glad radiance around things which would otherwise seem gloomy or dull. To put knee-pieces in an old pair of pantaloons, darn children's stockings, make bread, prepare questions for my intellectual philosophy class, or attend a prayer meeting, would hardly seem to you (in the excitement of the city) like pleasures, but they are each in their turn sources of pure happiness to me, and I feel the need of no other amusements. All happiness that is worth the name, is the fruit of love, and wherever that may be exercised there is happiness—the true romance of life.

Well, —— dear, what kind of a wife do you make? 'Tis a very sober, solemn thing, to be a wife, and she who lovingly, thoughtfully says, "my husband," feels a weight of responsibility that the unmarried or giddy never dream of. To be a wife, is to have the happiness, the reputation, the character, the temporal and eternal well being of a husband—of the best and dearest friend, almost entirely in one's hands. And the good wife must never be guided by impulse or her own wishes. Oh no, the moment she begins the married life, she must begin to *reason* upon *every thing* she contemplates perform-

ing. If she wishes to try any particular amusement or pleasure, she will ask herself such questions as these: How will it affect my husband's happiness? * * How will it affect his reputation? * * his moral character? * * Will it increase his wealth or respectability, or will it give him a higher seat in heaven? Do not think I am too serious, dear ——, I would not for the world abridge your happiness, but I would have you seek your happiness in intellectual pursuits and active benevolence, rather than in vain amusements; for while the latter degrade and contract the soul, the former ennoble, expand, exalt and fit it for heaven.

After marriage, if affection exists, there is always a mutual assimilation of character. If you are a devoted Christian, you will naturally excite your husband to every good word and work, and you will together go on from strength to strength rejoicing. But if you are a worldly, fashionable, gay woman, your husband will be very apt to become a worldly man, mainly anxious to accumulate property, for his dear wife to spend in fashionable folly and extravagance. If your husband is a Christian, thank God, no one can keep him from heaven; but a beloved worldly woman may exert such an influence on him through life, that he shall finally be

saved so as by fire, and have a low seat in heaven. Oh, ——, as you value your own and your husband's eternal interests, consider these things. * *

I must give you a little more advice. Love your husband dearly; you can't love him too well. Sympathise with him in every thing that concerns him, and avoid, if you can conscientiously, all pursuits and amusements in which he feels no cordial interest. Let him know all your thoughts and feelings. Begin by having no secrets. Keep nothing from him. If you happen to do any thing or say anything which you think he would not quite like, be sure to tell him of it directly—before he finds it out. If he ever looks displeased with you for any thing, never attempt to justify yourself or make excuses, but, with a sweet smile and a sweet toned voice, candidly admit your error and beg pardon. Ask his opinion and advice about your own little affairs. It will interest him more in you, and make you more one. Let him see that you always respect him and consider him as your superior. He will respect you the more. A woman never appears so little as when she tries to stand on the same footing as her husband. "Wives see that ye *reverence* your husbands," is excellent apostolic advice. You may

find fault with your husband as much as you can. It will do him good. But always do it when in the exercise of the most affection, in a tender, respectful manner, and *never* directly after he has found fault with you. We all have faults, and, in the married life, when these are not noticed, love has become indifference; when noticed with unkindness and asperity, it has changed to dislike or hatred; but when noticed tenderly, with a desire to eradicate them, love performs her highest office, and is exalted and mutually increased. * *

The short, *undated* extracts that follow, indicate her feelings towards her parents, brothers and sisters.

* * I received father's letter last week, for which I was *very* grateful, though I feel that I cannot be sufficiently grateful for the great kindness he has ever shown me, and the interest he still continues to feel for me, when I am no longer actually under his care. Dear father, dear mother, I can only love you. * *

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* * By the way, mother, I think there is hardly a person in the world, that owes so vast

a debt of gratitude to the "Giver of all mercies," as I do, especially for the many good, kind, true-hearted, and affectionate friends that He has bestowed upon me. I can look around me and see many who are almost alone in the world, with hardly any one to love them or to receive their affection. Why has my lot been made to differ from that of these individuals? Why has he give me such dear, excellent parents, so many affectionate brothers and sisters, so kind a husband, and a heart capable of appreciating and deriving rich and lively happiness from their affection. Surely God has been very, very good to me. * *

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* * Being left entirely alone the latter part of the evening, my thoughts naturally reverted to past enjoyments, and then ran along into the future, and I could not help shedding tears at the thought, that though I had passed so many happy hours, days and years with you, yet, in future, I should probably be almost always away from you, and never be with you more, except for a few days at a time. Was not this a very sad, unpleasant thought? I never realized it as I did then. It is, mother, this breaking up of

families and severing closest ties, *is* a dreadful thing. Dear parents, dear brothers and sisters, I shall never be with you again as once I was; but, let me tell you who remain at home, in the rich enjoyment of reciprocated love, in a situation where you may be exceedingly happy, father, mother, brothers and sisters, "be kindly affectioned one towards another;" let perfect love reign throughout the family circle; let there never be heard a single harsh word to make a jar or discord, but let each one strive to make every other member of the family perfectly happy, for you cannot always live together;—keep it in mind—you cannot always live together; and sometimes think of Hetta, and forgive her when you recollect the instances when she did not conduct as a good daughter and sister should have done. Be sure she is very sorry for them now.

But though I think so much about you all, I would not have you suppose that I am not happy here, for I am so, and cannot regret, for a single moment, that I married, although my marriage forced me to quit my dear home. A person cannot expect in one situation the joys of all others. * *

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* * How rich a blessing it is to have so kind and sympathizing a parent, one who, though I am far away, does still, I know, feel for me and pray for me, and to whom I can freely communicate all my hopes and fears, joys and sorrows; and the first feeling I would express is one of gratitude to God, that I was brought into the world by such a mother. Yes, dear mother, such thoughts and feelings as these I often have, and it is very sweet to cherish them. I often think over, individually, all the mothers I ever knew, and then wonder how I came to be so blessed as to be born of that one, the most tender, devoted and self-sacrificing of them all. * *

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* * How happy I should be, if I could be where I could enjoy more of my sweet mother's society. I did not realize how much I had to relinquish when I left my mother, but I often think now how much you used to enjoy with grandma', and it makes me sigh; but I will not repine. I have a great deal to be thankful for, infinitely more than I deserve. My cup of bliss is very full. * *

* * It is and has been out of the question for me to visit you this fall, though I cannot tell how much I have wished it, and here we must all *snuggle* down, (there is, alas! no other way,) like squirrels in their holes, until next spring, and then we will crawl out; and when it comes fine weather, you shall see us all at home, for we will shut up our house and appear about you—husband and Lizzy, baby and I—all ten times more joyous than those blithe little creatures that all this winter will sleep quietly in their holes, and, next summer, may be seen gliding along on the fence-tops, or leaping so gaily from one green branch to another. * *

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* * We are continually talking of our late pleasant visit, and are constantly reminded, by many tokens of your kindness, of our beloved mother. You cannot imagine—for you never were situated as I am—how delightful it is to visit a kind father's house; to be welcomed by the best and most affectionate parents, and warmly greeted by dearly loved brothers and sisters; to renew childish feelings and associations, and be for a few weeks a little girl again. Going home, to me, is really a *re*creation, for I become young again. * *

Sept. 28, 1835.

* * Every day my Billy entwines himself closer and closer around my heart, and I feel more and more my great responsibility. Dear mother, you must pray for me and for him, and assist me by your good advice dictated by experience. We have tried to give him up entirely to God, and I try to have faith that our offering will be accepted. * * This afternoon I am going to attend, for the first time, the Maternal Association. I think I shall enjoy these meetings greatly, for I feel that I need much wisdom and much prayer to enable me to manage my dear boy aright, and bring him up for his God. * *

Sept. 10, 1842.

* * O dear mother, nobody but one who like you has had experience of the same, can imagine all the anxiety and solicitude that these little ones occasion. I wonder how you have lived through so much. I often feel, "Who is sufficient for these things?" It is a very consoling thought, however, that the same Being who lays all these cares and responsibilities upon us, knows all our weakness and inadequa-

cy, and he has said, "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." * * Dear mother, I hope you will be faithful in instructing your sweet little children in *doctrinal* knowledge, as well as the practical duties of religion. I do feel more and more the importance of young persons becoming intimately acquainted with the fundamental points of evangelical faith. Theology is the most sublime of sciences, and yet the humblest mind may be purified and exalted by the contemplation of its ennobling truths. If there is any thing in the world for which I have ever felt thankful, it is that like Timothy I received early instruction from my mother and grandmother. * *

JUNE 15, 1842.

* * I was sorry to hear that Miss —— is so feeble. I think a great deal about her. Do encourage her to trust in Jesus. If he could die for a world that had been rebelling against him four thousand years, it is never too late, while a poor sinner is in this world, for Him to be merciful. * *

FEB. 11, 1840.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

* * I should love to have you here Thursday evenings, for I have a delightful class of young ladies that assemble round my great table and receive instructions from your sage sister in intellectual philosophy. Then we have poetry and music. Fine times, I assure you. But I should really like for S. to see my pretty intelligent class. It is very pleasant to me to spend one evening in the week in this manner, and, the more so, because it obliges me to read some and think more, during the week, which is very agreeable. It is vastly important that young ladies should acquire intellectual tastes, and especially that they should be deeply interested in the contemplation and improvement of the immortal part of their being. Our poor worthless bodies will soon be food for worms, while our intellectual and moral natures will be, through eternity, strong to suffer or enjoy. Who then can describe the folly of those who are mainly interested in providing sensual gratifications for the body, and decking it with ornaments. If I could lead any young persons to view this subject as I wish I had viewed it, I should be most happy. Dear E., I beseech you,

rise above the vanities of this world. Lay aside folly, vanity, selfishness, and become a sober, thoughtful, benevolent, happy Christian. * *

POETRY.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Lizzy, awake, the morn is bright,
  Bid thy dull slumbers flee,
The sky is tinged with golden light,
  Hie away to the woods for me;
And bring me back a wreath of flowers,
  A token that spring is near;
I long for green fields and leafy bowers,
  The winter's been long and drear;
Oh, bring me the sweet anemone,
  And bring me the violet blue,
And bring me a branch from the holly tree,
  And let them be bathed in dew.
Oh sweet is the fragrance of early flowers;
  It steals o'er the present, and brings back the past,
The spring of our childhood's happy hours,
  So bright and so sweet that they cannot last.

A PRAYER FOR MY SISTER.

Kind heaven! oh, hear my prayer for one,
  The sister of my love,

And in her youth most graciously
Smile on her from above.

Oh, let thy Spirit with her dwell,
Convince her of her sin,
And, in her young and tender heart,
The work of grace begin.

Oh, may she kneel at Jesus' shrine,
There consecrate her heart,
And, of his full and sovereign grace,
Receive a blessed part.

Make her soul glow with ardent love
To each created thing;
By active love, may she promote
The honor of her king.

In blessing others be she blest;
Be it her sweet employ,
Through self-denials to augment
The sum of human joy.

Let every passion, impulse, wish,
Bow to the will's stern nod;
But let that will most sweetly yield
To each command of God.

Bar prejudice from out her heart;
Let reason guide aright,
Give her a judgment strong and clear
To make her pathway light.

Give her an ardent love for truth,
An active, docile mind,
A playful fancy, pleasant wit,
And taste that's well refined.

That beauty which so quickly fades
I ask not for my love;
But on her brow let tranquil thought
Sit like a peaceful dove.

Let intellect beam from her eye,
Let love illume her face,
Let Christian courtesy impart
To her each winning grace.

Oh, grant her these, I'll ask no more;
High Heaven, direct her lot,
Whate'er her outward state may be,
I know it matters not.

Let evils come, a fiery storm,
Then, with a spirit pure,
An active mind, and trust in God,
Her bliss will be secure.

And even death shall not alarm
A spirit pure in love,
She'll triumph in that darkest hour,
Then soar to joys above.

A LULLABY TO WILLIAM.

Hush, dearest love, and take thy rest,
  Let me not hear thy plaintive cry,
Repose upon thy mother's breast,
  'Tis she that sings thy lullaby.

Hush, sweetest boy, why shouldst thou weep?
  I'm sure thou hast no cause to sigh,
For here there is a fountain deep
  Of love for thee,—so lullaby.

Be quiet, child, and then my prayer
  Shall rise for thee to God on high;
Full well He knows the mother's care,
  And He'll protect thee. Lullaby.

He'll thee protect, for thou art given
  To Him who did for sinners die;
Sure He will keep and raise to heaven
  What is His own,—so lullaby.

'I'll be a God to thee and thine,'
  Was said by Him who cannot lie;
I'll trust the promise so divine
  From our kind Father. Lullaby.

And Thou, whose words are hope and joy,
  Bidding foreboding fears to fly,
Oh, give me grace to guide my boy
  To Thee and heaven. Babe! lullaby.

AN OBITUARY NOTICE OF MRS. WARD,

Written by a clerical friend and published soon after her death.

THE subject of the following notice was the eldest daughter of Hon. William A., and Susan Hayes, of South Berwick, Me. She was born April 10, 1815. She very early in life became a hopeful subject of renewing grace, and at the age of fifteen made a public profession of her faith in Christ. On the 9th of Sept., 1834, she was united in marriage with Rev. James W. Ward, of Abington, Ms., where she died Dec. 11, 1842, aged 27 years.

It is seldom that affection is called to mourn the departure of so many rare excellencies as centered in this Christian female. Her mind, originally of superior cast, was nurtured and developed by the best opportunities. Her father's family was a constant school for the intellect. With her parents she associated more as a companion than as a child, and was early led to the investigation of subjects which were beyond her years but within her comprehension. A literary lady who had the best opportunity to judge, once remarked respecting her, "that for intellectual endowments she ranked among the ten most distinguished females in this country."

Though free to converse on all the higher topics of science, secular or sacred, it was not with an effort she did it, but with the ease of one who was borne along by the ordinary current of her thoughts, and always with that peculiar smile which indicates a consciousness of rectitude, and a love for the truth. There was also amiableness of disposition in connection with these, which mellowed them all into an example of true female dignity. This was an early characteristic, for it has been remarked by her father, that "she never did anything while in his family that called for correction from him, or that left on his mind an unpleasant recollection." We seldom have met with one whose speech was so uniformly kind. "In her tongue was the law of kindness, neither was guile in her mouth." *She* saw things to commend in the character of others, as quick as some can see those to condemn.

But it is her religious character which is most deserving of notice. She presents an instance of hopeful conversion in early life. She has been known to say that "she could not remember the time when she did not, as she thought, find pleasure in religious company and conversation." Such cases do sometimes occur, and when they do, it is most usually in connection

with superior mental endowments. Doubtless a holy heart gives the most sure promise of superiority of mind. The fact that she could not fix upon the precise time of her hopeful conversion, sometimes gave her uneasiness of mind lest she had never experienced that radical change of heart which she believed to be essential to secure peace with God hereafter. She often turned her eye inward to examine the state and movements of her own heart, to search and try her soul by the standard of divine truth. After her decease, the following prayer and resolutions, penned at the commencement of the last year of her life, were found among her papers.

'Almighty God, I am a poor miserable sinner. I have long pretended to serve thee, but I fear that I have often been, if not always, cold, hypocritical and faithless in my service of thee. But now, oh Lord God, it is my earnest desire to consecrate myself entirely to thee. Let me keep nothing back. Oh Lord, let me be wholly thine for time and eternity. Search me, oh God, and try me. Make thorough work in my soul. I want to live for nothing but thy honor and glory. I have been a half way Christian long enough. Thou knowest, oh

Lord, whether there be one spark of grace in my heart. If not, kindle there this night this sacred flame and let me feel thy love in my soul. Oh, give me more self abhorence on account of my sins, a firmer faith in Christ, and more ardent love for thee and thy cause. Help me now, I beseech thee, oh Lord, while I make new resolutions to serve thee, and give me strength, day by day, to adhere to them.

'1. I will endeavor, each day, to have a season for secret prayer and meditation; and I will daily read the scriptures, examine myself, and renew my vows to God.

'2. I will struggle with my natural, wicked sloth, beginning each day early.

'3. I will endeavor to be systematic in every duty and to cultivate habits of order.

'4. I will struggle against absentmindedness and vain habits of reverie.

'5. I will cultivate more firmness and consistency in the government of my children.

'6. I will avoid irritability of temper.

'7. I will be meek under reproof.

'8. I will guard against the risings of pride and ambition.

'9. I will guard against personal vanity.

'10. I will endeavor to be faithful to the souls of those around me.

'11. I will cultivate conscientiousness in the disposal of my time.

'12. I will cultivate a habit of ejaculatory prayer.

'13. I will cultivate openness and truthfulness.

'14. I will avoid levity.

'15. I will cultivate a cheerful temper.

'Now, oh Lord God, I would trust only to thee. Let thy Spirit abide in my heart, and give me grace and strength to keep these resolutions and live for thee. Without thy assistance I shall fall again. Let me take hold of thy hand, O Lord, and wilt thou lead me in a straight path.'

Mrs. Ward furnishes an example of a pastor's wife. She was the companion of her husband, and sympathised with him most truly in all his pursuits and trials. She could accompany him over all the field of ministerial duty. Such was her love for the people of his charge, that she would often ask, "Is there not something more we can do for them." She was active and eminently useful in the weekly female prayer meeting and the maternal association. Besides, she was for some time the teacher of a class of young ladies in intellectual and moral philosophy, who met weekly at her house.

Her amiable Christian warnings, which fell on the minds of the impenitent around her, in the most opportune manner, cannot be easily forgotten, now that she is gone.

She loved the doctrines of the gospel with ever increasing attachment. They were not buried in speculations, nor darkly shadowed by ponderous human systems, but they lay in her mind like the pure revelations of God. While she paid suitable deference to the opinions and writings of the good and great, on the subject of religious faith, she called no man master, and bowed meekly, and only to God. This circumstance accounts for her strong confidence in God. Here she rested, and her heart was kept in perfect peace. From the delicacy of her physical organization, and the extreme sensibility of her nerves, she usually entertained great fears of death; yet at the time when she was informed by her husband, that, in the opinion of the physician, she could live but a short time, her soul, strong in the faith of Christ, shook off its fears, and was never more serene than when speaking of her own dissolution. "I don't know," she said, "as I am a child of God; the heart is deceitful, and I may be deceived, and think myself a Christian, when I am not; but then, if God should cast me off, I

think I should still wish to adore and praise him. It would be all right." When asked if she did not wish to recover, she replied, "I have some desire to live; but still I would not for worlds wish the result to be different from what God sees best to appoint." Her children were mentioned, and the inquiry was made, "Do you not feel anxious on their account?" "No," she replied, "I have consecrated them to God, and I fully believe he will take care of them and bring them into his fold." This unshaken confidence in God gave to her soul a celestial dignity and a calm triumph over death. It was an abiding thing in her life. Her spirit was serene in all its lucid moments, but God saw fit to give the king of terrors not only power to kill, but to tear her body away by convulsions. Life continued to struggle with its last enemy till a quarter before ten o'clock on Sabbath morning, of the 11th of December, when her affectionate heart ceased to beat, and her soul fled as a bird from the hand of the fowler "to her mountain."

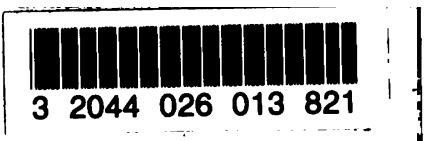
A general gloom was felt throughout the town, when it was announced that Mrs. Ward was dead. The blow that fell upon the shepherd smote with anguish every heart of his flock; for they felt that in the death of his wife

they had lost a sister. There were many people from abroad at her funeral, and fourteen ministers were present to sympathise with their afflicted brother, and pay a tribute of affectionate respect to the departed. She has left five little children, the eldest about seven years, and the youngest but a few weeks—a tender flock for this rude world, without a mother.

> "The world is poorer when such spirits flee,
> They leave it desolate."

Why, we are often disposed to ask, why must so much excellence be removed from earth? But God has done it in righteousness. He had need of her. The ornament that shone so brightly *here*, is, we trust, transferred to some niche in the temple above. The sentiment often quoted was never more deeply felt than in respect to the subject of this notice:

> "The good die first,
> And they, whose hearts are dry as summer dust
> Burn to the socket."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